

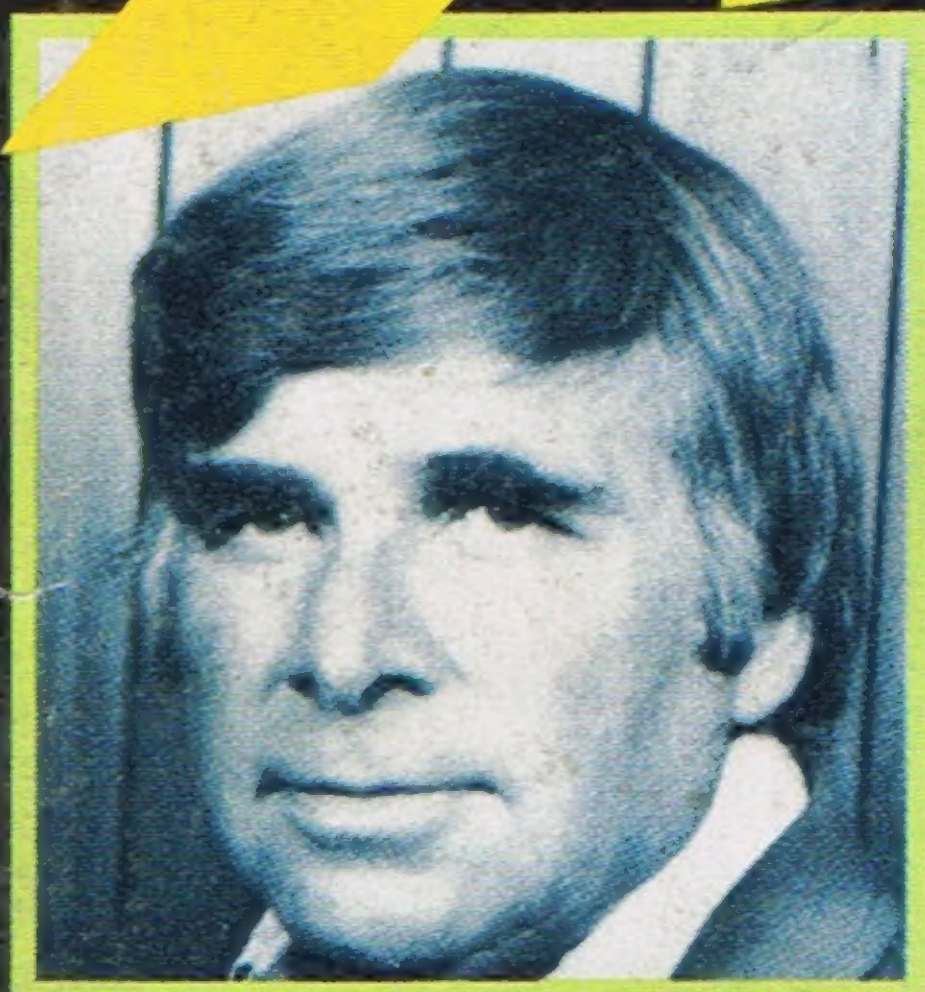
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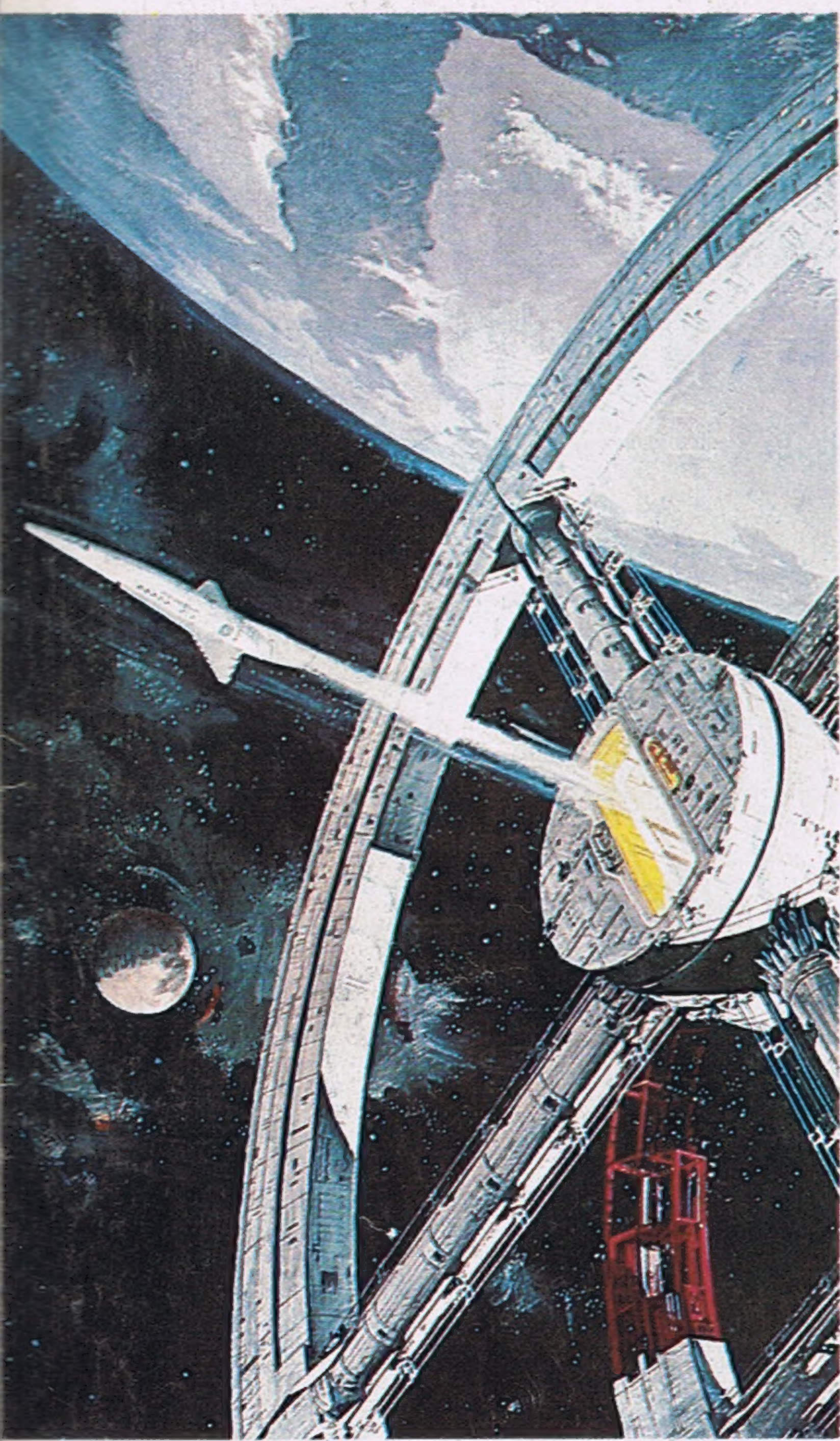
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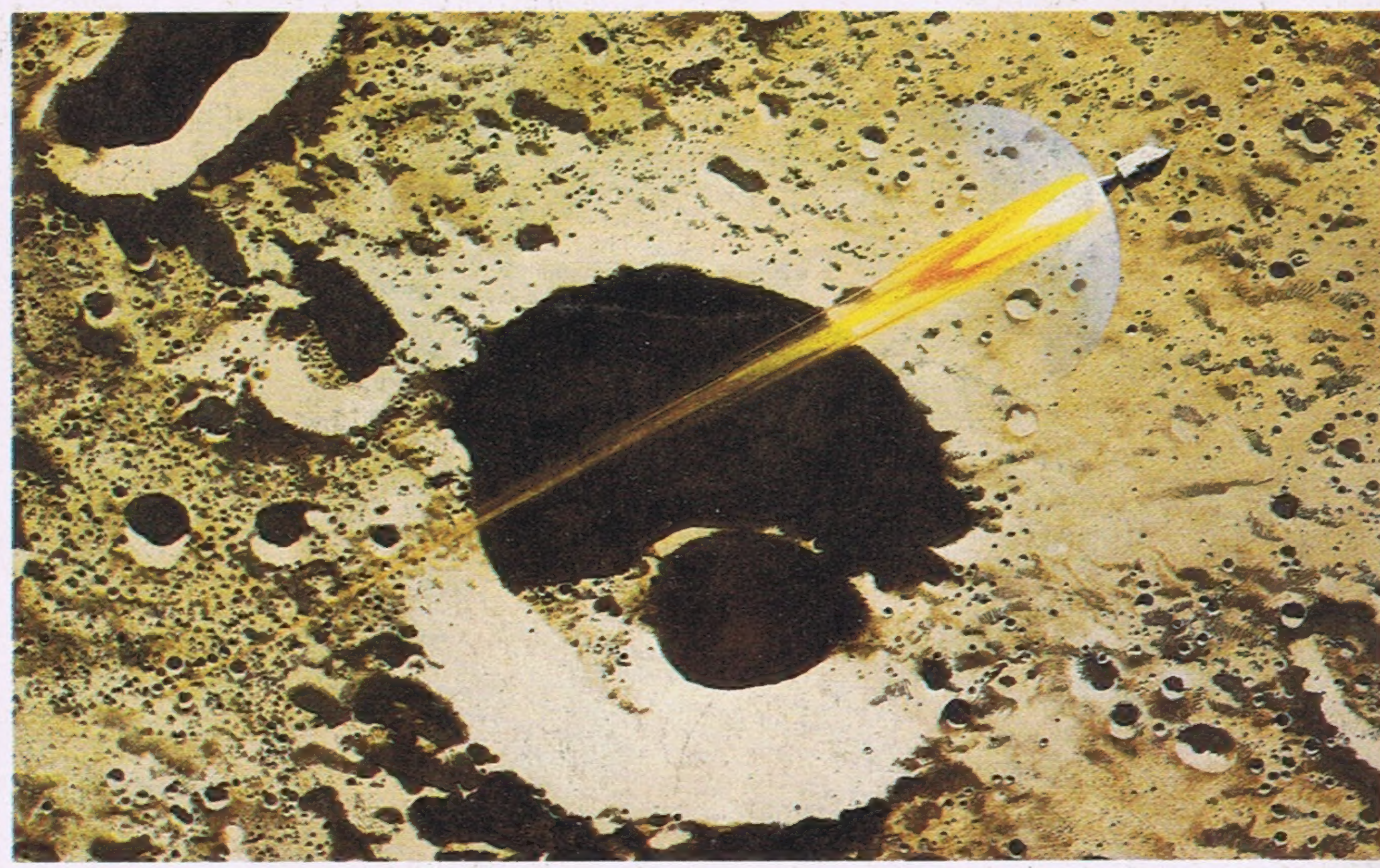
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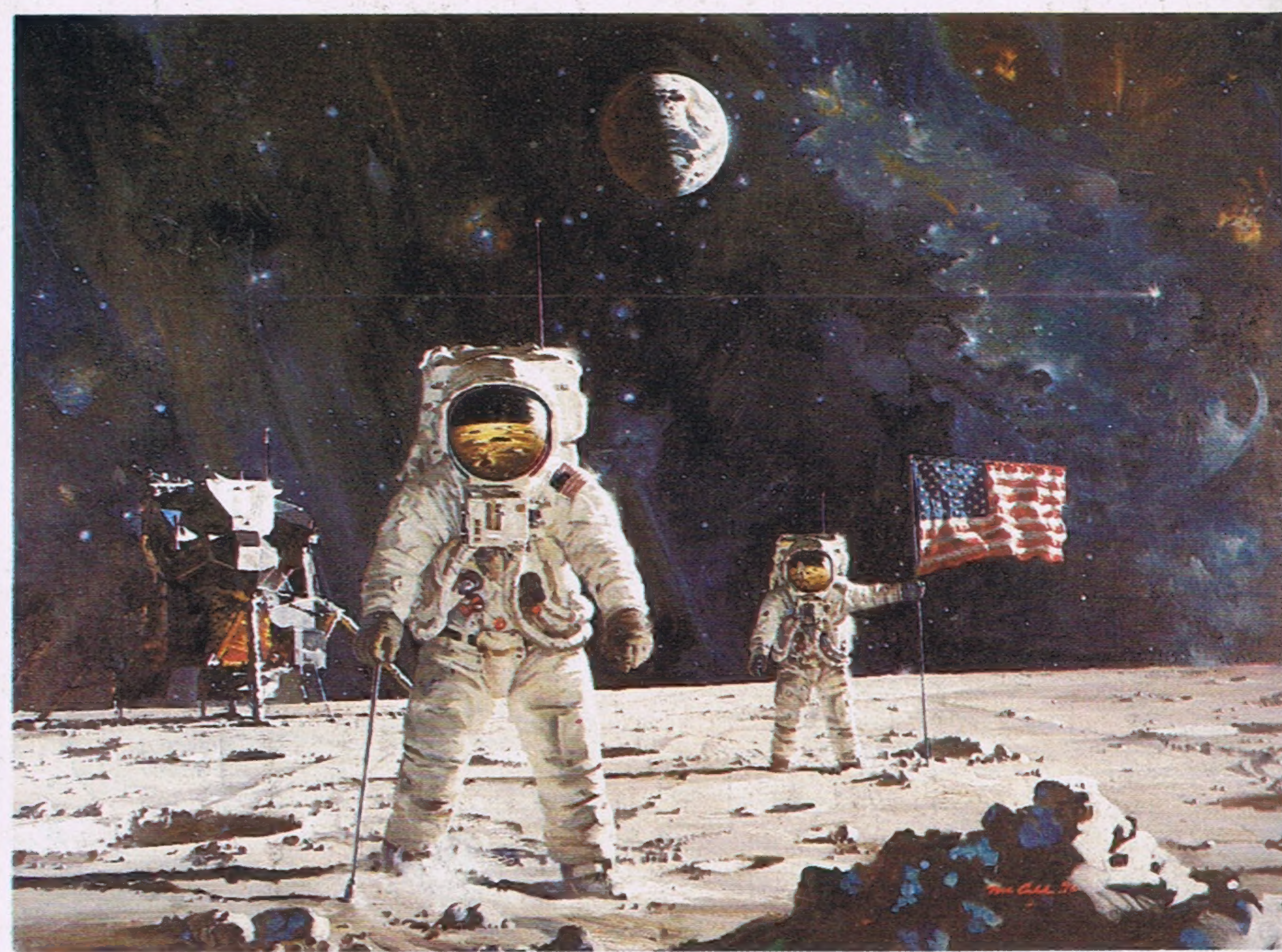
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Frequently commissioned by NASA to do on-the-spot paintings of America's ventures into space, McCall is always present for important launches and splashdowns. His oil paintings have gained international acclaim reproduced as U.S. Postage Stamps, one of which was the first stamp cancelled on the moon, and another, his most recent, commemorated the historic Apollo-Soyuz space rendezvous. McCall's work hangs in important museums, corporate offices and pri-

vate collections around the world, and he has been honored in a one-man space art show at the Smithsonian Institution.

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STARLOG

OCTOBER 1978
NUMBER 17

THE MAGAZINE OF THE FUTURE



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Publishers

NORMAN JACOBS
KERRY O'QUINN

Assistant Publisher

IRA FRIEDMAN

Editor

HOWARD ZIMMERMAN

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ROBERT P. ERICKSEN

Senior Writer

ED NAHA

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tributors This Issue: Gerry Anderson,

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ON THE COVER: Our second annual TV is-
sue highlights the monumental *Battlestar*
Galactica series on ABC with a stirring shot of
the mammoth *Galactica*, itself, blasting one of
three enemy Cylon saucers out of space. The
colorful explosion was created by Joe Vis-
kocil of *Star Wars* fame, who is featured in this
month's SFX installment.

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FROM THE BRIDGE

The other night I had a nightmare. I dreamed that I was Gene Roddenberry, and I was involved in producing the *Star Trek* movie.

I am standing in the middle of a room—it is an executive office at Paramount—and three bright young men in bright three-piece suits are playing with rubber bands and paper clips while I desperately attempt to convince them that this movie should be intelligent, dramatic and, if possible, inspiring.

"Frankly, Gene," one yawns, "we aren't into head games. We want flashy special effects, some hardware we can license to toy companies and a box office with 'legs' like *Star Wars*. That's really all, Gene, baby."

"But," I stammer, "the *Star Trek* audience will demand *more*. The movie must have an important theme. . . ."

The one with the deep, oiled tan interrupts, "Forgive me, Gene, but I feel you're getting carried away with a bunch of screaming Trekkies. Those kids don't even know what a theme *is*. All they understand is pointed ears and warp ten . . . or whatever."

"No," I protest, "you don't really understand the *Star Trek* audience. It's not just a few fans but *millions* of people around the world—not just teenagers but people of *all* ages—professionals in all fields. And the *reason* the show has touched such a broad audience so deeply is because the episodes involved value conflicts, ideas and ideals, philosophy. . . ."

"Oh, come now," snorts the short one with elevator heels. "Philosophy? We're shooting for boffo box office, not writing a term paper. Sure, we know *Star Trek* has fans; that's why we're bankrolling this project. Let's face it, we could release the worst piece of film that ever went through a movieola and your Trekkies would line up for it. We've got a *hit*, no matter what we do!"

"Frankly, Gene," the first guy rubs his eyes, "I go along with that. Don't bust your gut trying to create the Great American Film. Give 'em some ZAP, and they'll love it."

"I think we're all in agreement," the tanned guy grins. "Now who needs a lift to Malibu?"

I back slowly toward the door. "You're blowing it," I whisper. "You're going to end up with a huge stereophonic turkey that will be booed out of theaters."

The short guy bristles, "Bad attitude, Roddenberry!"

"Don't you care," I plead, "that you have a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to make a movie that could influence millions of lives? Don't you care that this picture could actually change the world, make the future of humanity better, point the way toward tomorrow? Doesn't that incredible opportunity excite you? Isn't that one of the marvelous powers of moviemaking that attracted you guys to this field in the first place? Think back into your youth and remember: there was probably some special movie that captured *your* imagination and headed you toward this very office. . . ."

"Speaking for myself," the bored one sighs, "I've grown up to face the reality that movies are for making money."

"Fine," I smile. "But exactly what kind of movies do you think people stand in line for and pay to see again and again?" They look at me perplexed.

"The profit motive is good and noble," I insist, "but you know what I think? You guys aren't greedy *enough*!" They stare at me, not knowing whether to say, "how dare you" or "thank you."

"If you really want to make big bucks," I continue, "I mean *hundreds of millions*, you must *learn* that it isn't done by creating mindless sound and fury or carbon copies. Huge profits don't happen because of pointed ears or transporters; that's dressing, and it's necessary to give the movie good detailing. But what makes an audience respond with overwhelming enthusiasm is the movie's *soul*."

"SOUL?" the tanned fellow chuckles. "This isn't going to be a religious thing I hope."

"Not at all," I reply. "The soul of *Star Trek* is its underlying attitude about the future, about meeting diverse beings throughout the universe, about humanity's incredible ability to solve any crisis and accomplish any goal."

A few uneasy coughs and shuffles. . . .

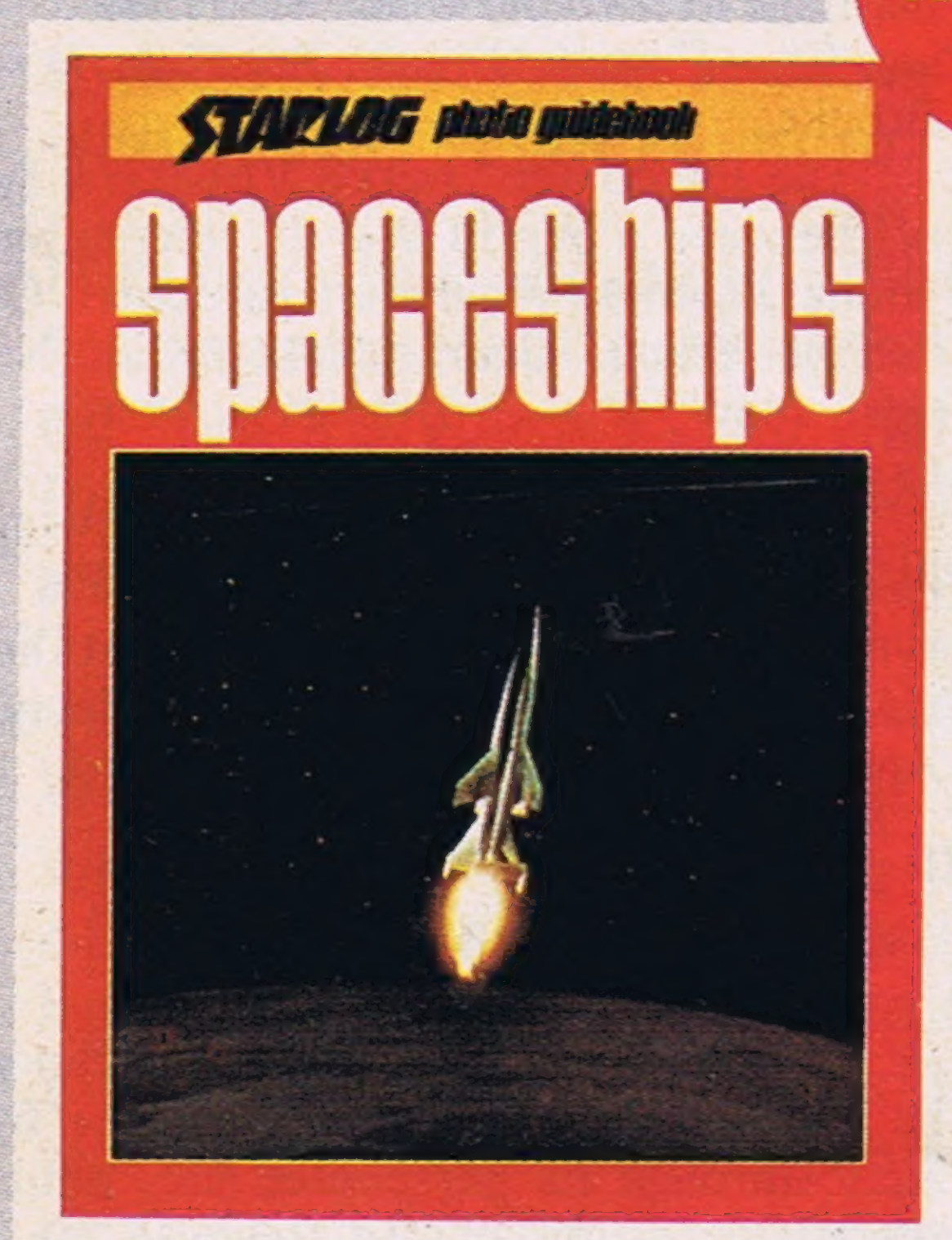
"How did we get into this kind of discussion?" the short fellow groans.

"Roddenberry, you always work the conversation around to intellectual ideas. Try to get this straight: we don't give a damn about philosophy or themes or souls or ideas or inspiration! We're interested in PROFITS—by themselves—unattached to anything in particular—without cause or reason!!!"

I felt a cold chill throughout my entire body, and I woke up in a hot sweat.

Kerry O'Quinn/Publisher

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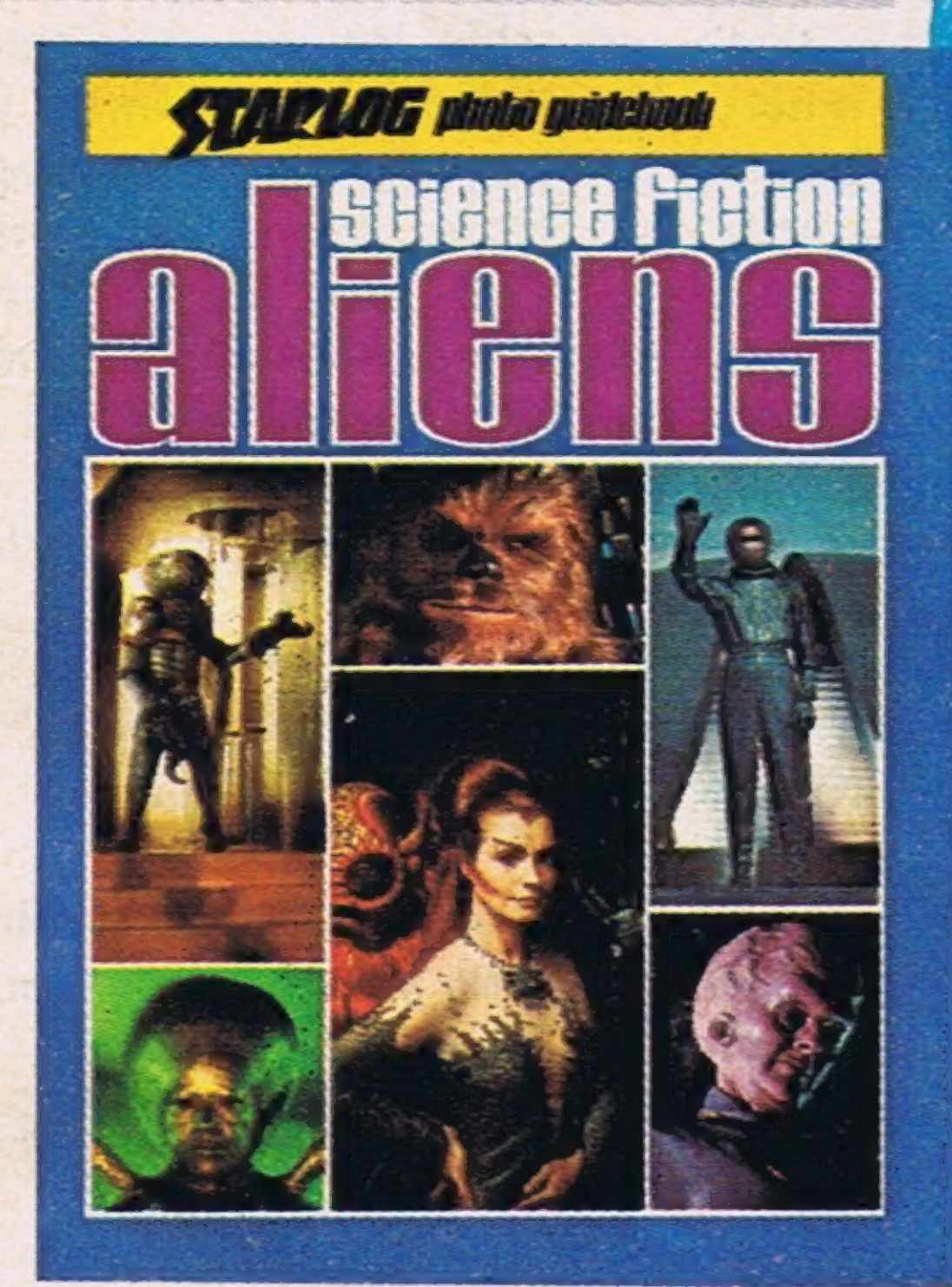


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ASIMOV'S POWER

... Robin Snelson's article on Space Solar Power is good, and Dr. Peter Glaser's original idea was terrific. However (STARLOG #16, page 67), the idea of space solar power was predicted in science fiction.

You'll find such a solar power space station in a story called "Reason," which was written by (who else?) Isaac Asimov in November 1940, and which appeared in the April, 1941 *Astounding Science Fiction* many long years before Dr. Glaser came out with his analysis of such a space station.

Nor is the story I wrote an obscure one. It is included in my book, *I, Robot*, first published in 1950, which has been in print continuously ever since (and still is today) in both hard- and soft-cover editions.

Just thought I'd mention it.

Isaac Asimov

P.S. I'm not claiming precedence. Glaser's careful work owes nothing at all to my vague speculations.

STAR WARS SLICE

... My friend says that *Star Wars* was filmed in its entirety and cut into three parts, of which we have seen the first.

Kevin Ternes

2892 Runnymede Way
Lexington, Ky. 40503

Your friend has an excellent imagination.

CE3-OK

... *Close Encounters* is not only the story of man's maturing as he finds that he is not alone, it is the story of a man's emotional struggle after he has experienced something

that is beyond his comprehension. It presents a legitimate and awe-inspiring view of man's closest and most intimate encounter. I only hope that when man has this meeting from the stars, it is like Spielberg's final encounter, benign and friendly . . . and hopeful.

Wayne Belcher

Rt. 8, Box 29

Olympia, Wa. 98502

I'm sure Mr. Spielberg would appreciate your feelings, Wayne. For an exclusive interview with the talented filmmaker, check out the article in this issue. Also, for Steven's own feelings on CE3K, pick up an issue of our sister publication, FUTURE # 5, for the behind-the-scenes story of the movie—from 1972 to the present.

IN THE ZONE

... I have just finished reading your article on Rod Serling's *Twilight Zone* in STARLOG # 15. I find myself filled with the same sense of awe that I felt when those masterpieces of Serling's genius were originally aired. Concerning Mr. Naha's article, I found that he captured the mood of *The Twilight Zone* and of Mr. Serling's career very well. The only objection I have concerns his undermining of *Night Gallery*, which was also an excellent series, although nowhere near *The Twilight Zone*'s caliber.

James Wilson

P.O. Box 256

Park Ridge, Illinois



... I enjoyed your article on *The Twilight Zone*, a series I have loved from the beginning. The four missing episodes listed at the end of the article were from the fifth season. I have some credits for them in my files and have listed them here.

"Sounds and Silences" (aired 4/3/64) is about an ex-Navy man who runs his business and home like a taut ship and his employees and wife decide to mutiny. Writer: Rod Serling. Cast: John McGiver,

Penny Singleton, Michael Fox.

"Short Drink from a Certain Fountain" (aired 12/13/63) tells the story of an elderly man who tries a youth serum to save his marriage to a young wife. Writer: Rod Serling. Cast: Patrick O'Neal, Ruta Lee, Walter Brooke.

"The Encounter" (aired 5/1/64) is a face-off between a World War II veteran and a young Japanese-American gardener. Cast: Neville Brand, George Takei. (Ed. Note: this show was written by Martin M. Goldsmith)

"An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" (aired 2/28/64) (see STARLOG #16 for synopsis in *Communications* section) Director: Robert Enrico. Cast: Roger Jacquet, Anne Cornaly.

Michael Ramsey

P.O. Box 2651

Charleston, West Virginia 25330

... The best part (of the *Zone* article) was its excellence. It followed the *Zone* from birth, through its persecuted life, until its regrettable death. It also followed the all-too-short life of the master of fantasy, Rod Serling. It is a shame he is not around today, now that young people like me are beginning to appreciate all he did.

I have only one gripe, but it is a mammoth one. Where did you get those words you have printed as the "opening narration." They are far from correct. I have memorized these words, here are my corrections: "There is a *fifth* dimension . . . and it lies between the pit of man's fears and the summit of his knowledge. This is the dimension of imagination. It is an area which we call etc."

Mark Lowe

524 W. Roses Rd.

San Gabriel, Ca. 91775

... Oh boy, did you guys goof. It's "there is a *fifth* dimension, not a sixth dimension."

Dean Katona

357 N. Wabash

Hobart, Indiana

... In the series they say "there is a *fourth* dimension . . ."

Chris Harbory

7247 Weebles

Taylor, Mich. 48180

... The correct introduction used to *The Twilight Zone* used to be printed on the inside cover of the old comic books. Where did you get your information from?

Ned Wheeler

7912 Mycroft

Charleston, S.C.

OK. OK. Here's the deal, Zoners. According to the hardcover edition of *From The Twilight Zone*, published in 1962, the original introduction was, indeed, the blurb that ran in STARLOG # 15, and did include such phrases as a "sixth dimension," "the sunlight of his knowledge," etc. This is backed up in a June 30, 1962 issue of TV Guide which also repeats the "sunlight" in-

(continued on page 8)

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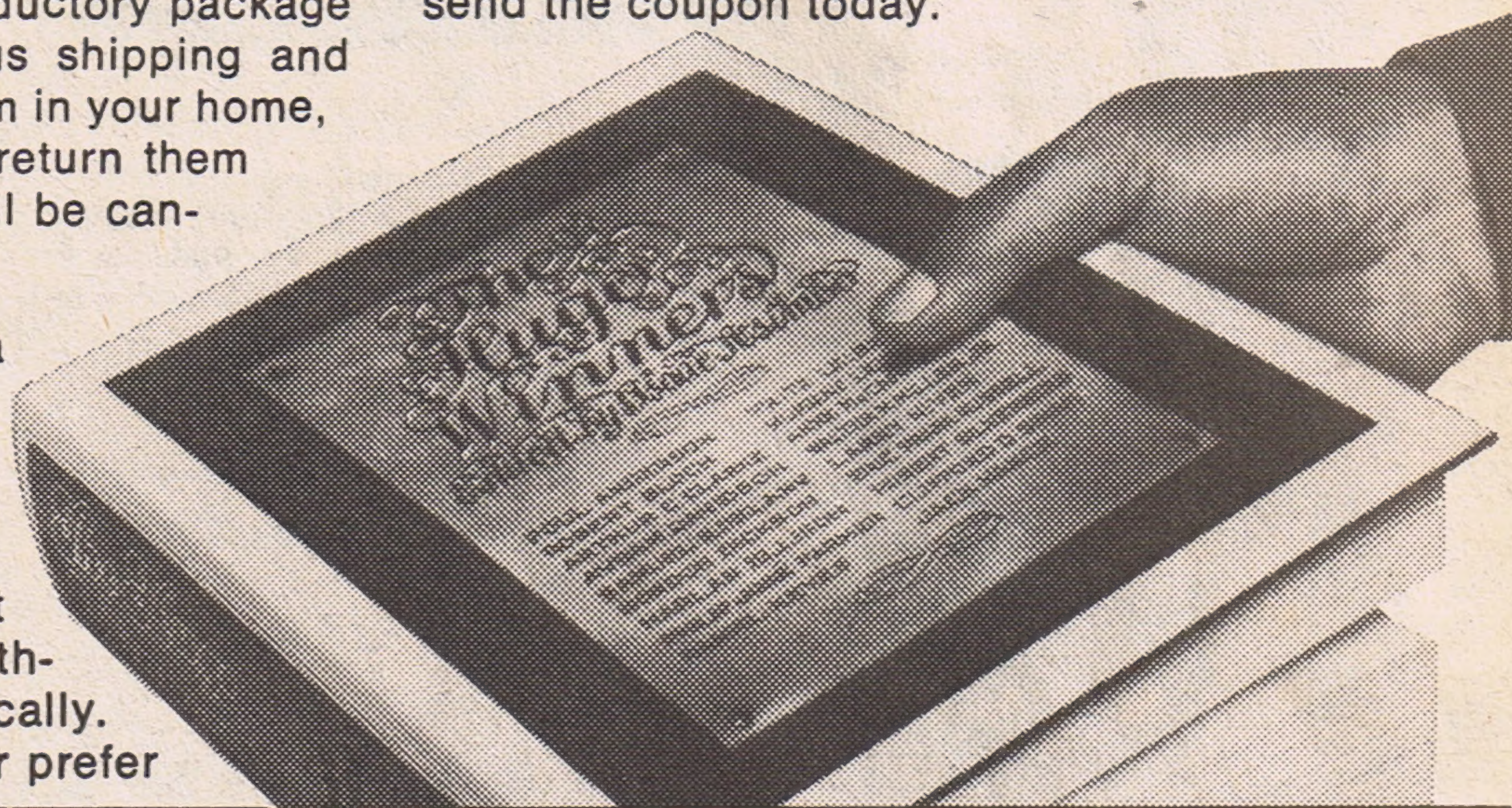
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an Alternate, or no book at all, just fill out the convenient form always provided, and return it to us by the date specified. We try to allow you at least ten days for making your decision. If you do not receive the form in time to respond within 10 days, and receive an unwanted selection, you may return it at our expense.

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COMMUNICATIONS

(Continued from page 6)

roduction. The introduction which was featured in the old Dell Zone comics was the later Twilight Zone intro which went as follows: "You're traveling through another dimension—a dimension not only of sight and sound but of mind—a journey into a wondrous land whose boundaries are that of imagination—your next stop . . . The Twilight Zone." (taken from the April 1962 edition of the Dell comic). This introduction was later dropped from the comic when it switched to the Gold Key company in November of 1962.

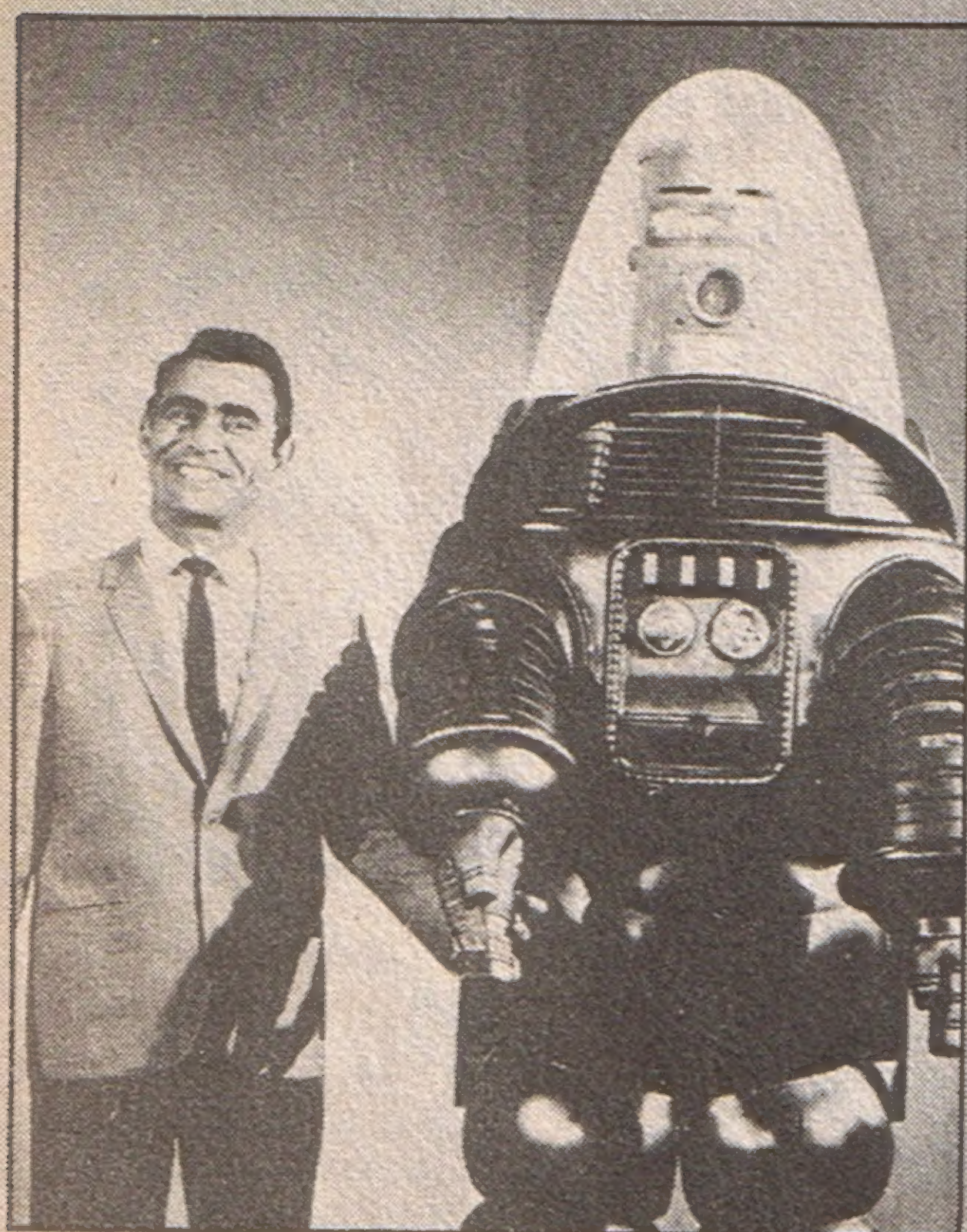


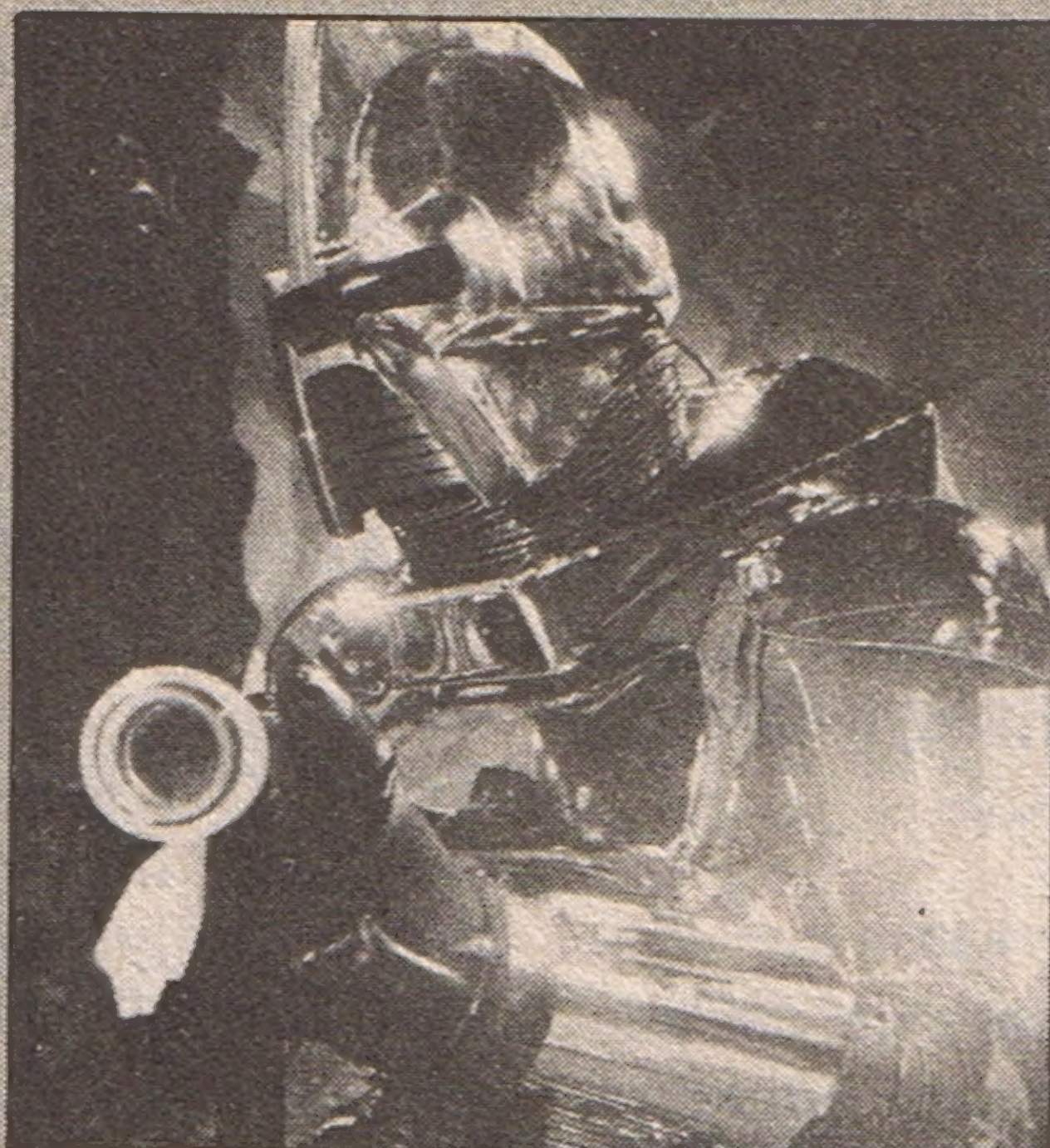
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RIP-OFF CONTINUES

Several months ago we warned our readers about Starfleet Command, a company which had advertised in past issues of STARLOG. We had received numerous letters complaining that the company failed to deliver the high-priced phasers and other Star Trek hardware items. The stream of letters has continued, many stating that they have waited close to a year for their merchandise and are unable to get a response from the company. Here is one of the latest letters:

. . . This company has a new racket. After you wait for several months without any word from them, they write and tell you that you owe them more money (because they have raised their prices). After you send the additional money, they still don't send the product. They were at the last convention in Anaheim, CA, taking more orders and taking more money. I have tried to track them down, but they moved and left no forwarding address. The officers of the company, James T. Kirk (real name, Charles Dundas Johnson, Jr.) and Adrian Bellamy Landres, are a couple of losers who have hit on an easy method of making money. I have made a complaint with the Federal Trade Commission, 11000 Wilshire Blvd., Room 13209, L.A., CA 90024. They are investigating.

Douglas Pilot
Woodland Hills, CA



SF POSTER BOOK

. . . Your article on *Battle Star Galactica* was very informative but I would like to know where I can get more information on this terrific sounding film.

Bob Cazzell
3508 Amherst St.
Bakersfield, Ca. 93305

. . . I'm very glad *The Incredible Hulk* will be on again this fall. Will you be doing another article on him soon?

Allan Martin
470 Zermatt Lane,
Ottsville, Vt.

Even two magazines, *STARLOG* and *FUTURE*, are not enough to cover all the shows and science-fiction material we get requests for. Therefore, our latest publication in a new format—the *SF COLOR POSTER BOOK*: the premiere issue features color photo-articles on TV Superheroes and Space Fantasy, and if you missed it on the stands, there's a back issue ad elsewhere in this issue. Included were featurettes on *Battle Star Galactica*, *Project UFO*, *The Incredible Hulk*, plus several other shows and a fall TV preview. Ask your local news dealers to carry it.

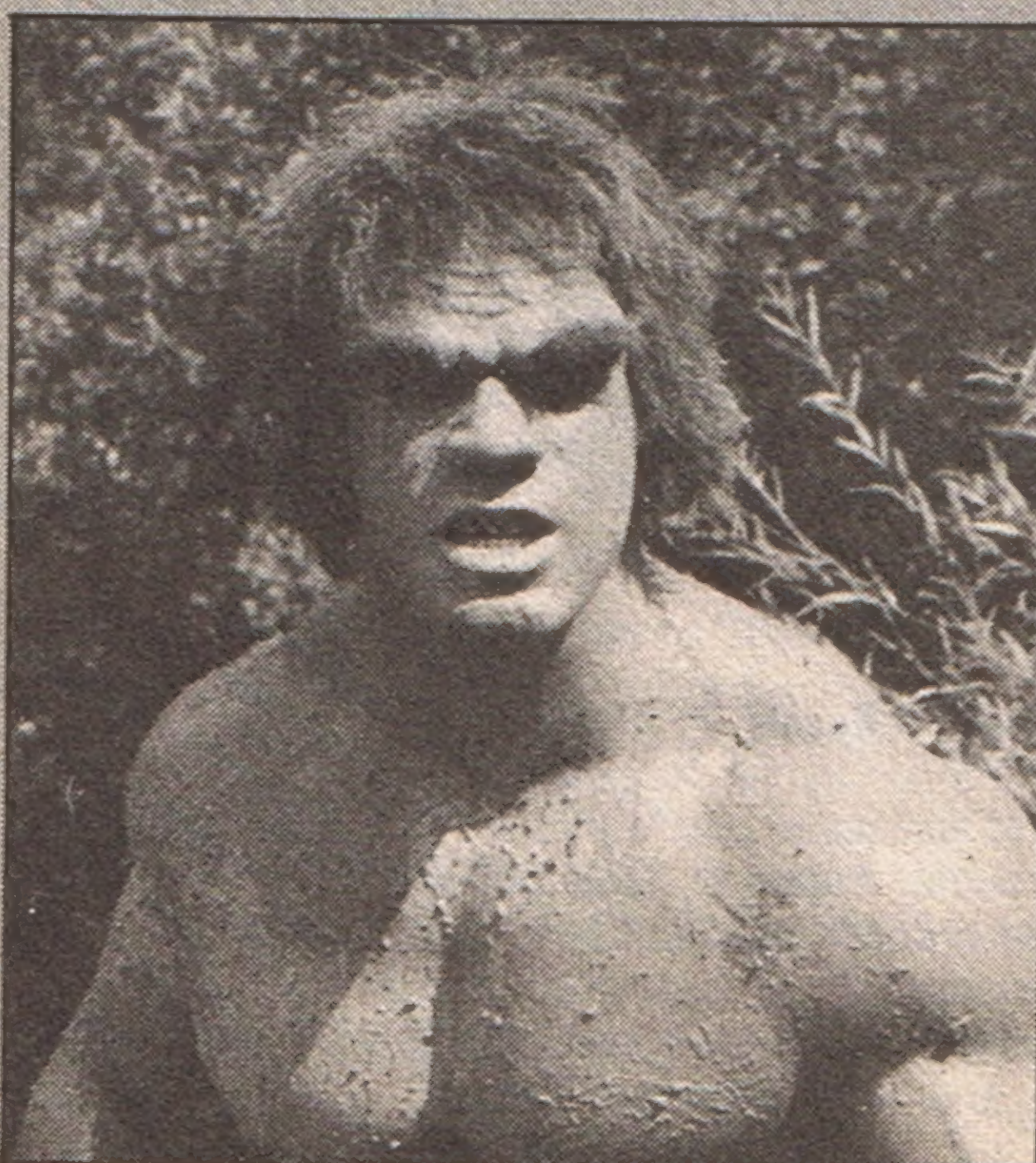


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SFX CAREERS

. . . I would like to go into the field of stop-motion animation when I finish school, but I live in Pound, Va. and that's almost as far out of the way as you can get—you can't get a job like that around here. I admire Jim Danforth, and all the other people in this field, so where do I have to go and what must I do to get this kind of job?

Todd Adams
P.O. Box 626
Pound, VA 24279

The *STARLOG SFX* series will be taking up the issue of careers later on this year. We will talk about some of the schools that offer courses in film technique and talk with some of the greats in Hollywood to learn how they got their start. In the meantime what's to prevent you from making your own stop-motion effort at home? Also, "A Guide for the Stop-Motion Model Maker" is available for \$6.50 from I & S Visual Arts, P.O. Box 474, Boonville, CA 94515.



Photo: David Hutchison

HE ROLLS HIS OWN

. . . I'm a Super 8 filmmaker and there have to be others in the world who make amateur films about science fiction/fantasy. "How To Roll Your Own" (Starlog #10) was terrific . . . it was a boost of technical morale. . . I'd like to see some kind of regular article on Super 8 science fiction. This way, with stills provided by readers and your own staff, you could really see what science-fiction fans like to see. . .

Ron Giles
13 Harris Avenue
Truro, Nova Scotia
Canada B2N 3N3

STARLOG is planning more articles on amateur SF film efforts, as part of its *SFX* series. Many greats in SF film started in their own backyard with an 8mm camera; we will look at some of them and some of what is being done today in amateur SF.

(continued on page 11)

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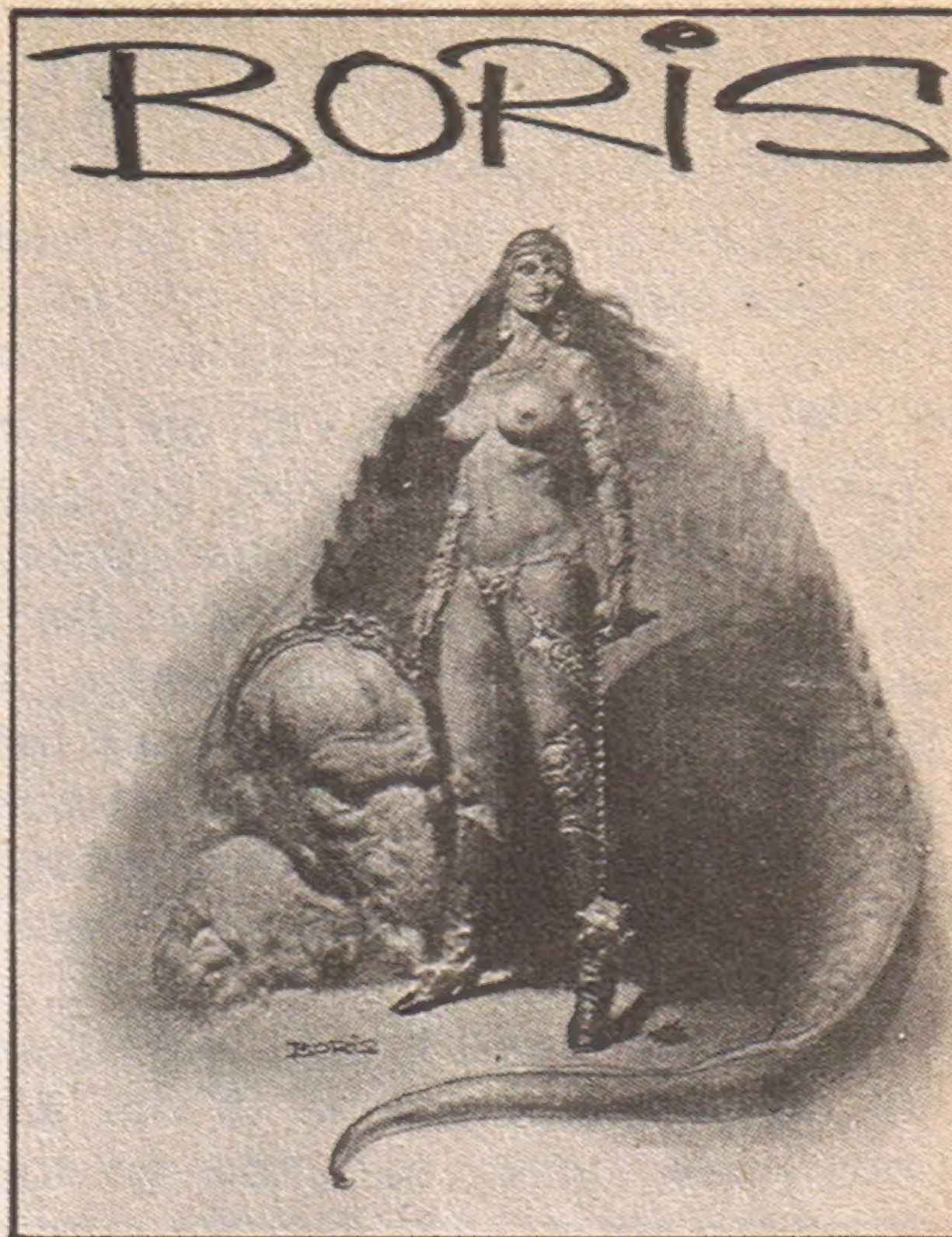
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A few remaining copies of the 1978 Tarzan Calendar are still available. This features 12 glorious full-color paintings by Boris, on large format, glossy paper. While the present supply lasts—\$4.95 each, plus 90¢ postage.

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Last year STARLOG contracted with a reputable marketing and mail order company, Crane-Norris Marketing, Inc., for a TV subscription campaign for STARLOG magazine starring Robby the Robot.

Pursuant to our agreement, Crane-Norris was to purchase the magazine in bulk from STARLOG as each issue was published and to provide STARLOG with computer tapes of the responding subscribers so STARLOG could ship the magazine in accordance with Crane-Norris' instructions.

We understand that Crane-Norris received thousands of dollars in response to the advertisement, but that many new subscribers have yet to receive copies subsequent to issue # 13, in accordance with their agreement with Crane-Norris.

We now find ourselves in a nightmarish position: each day we receive complaints from people who subscribed with and paid money to Crane-Norris. Unfortunately, as of the press date of this issue Crane-Norris has yet to provide us with complete computer tapes and has yet to pay us for thousands of magazines involved. We are not responsible for the delay by Crane-Norris and, regrettably, we cannot fulfill the subscriptions without the money and the names.

We are vitally concerned with both your welfare and ours and we will do whatever we can to correct the situation, even if it means taking legal action against Crane-Norris for the bad will and damages it has caused.

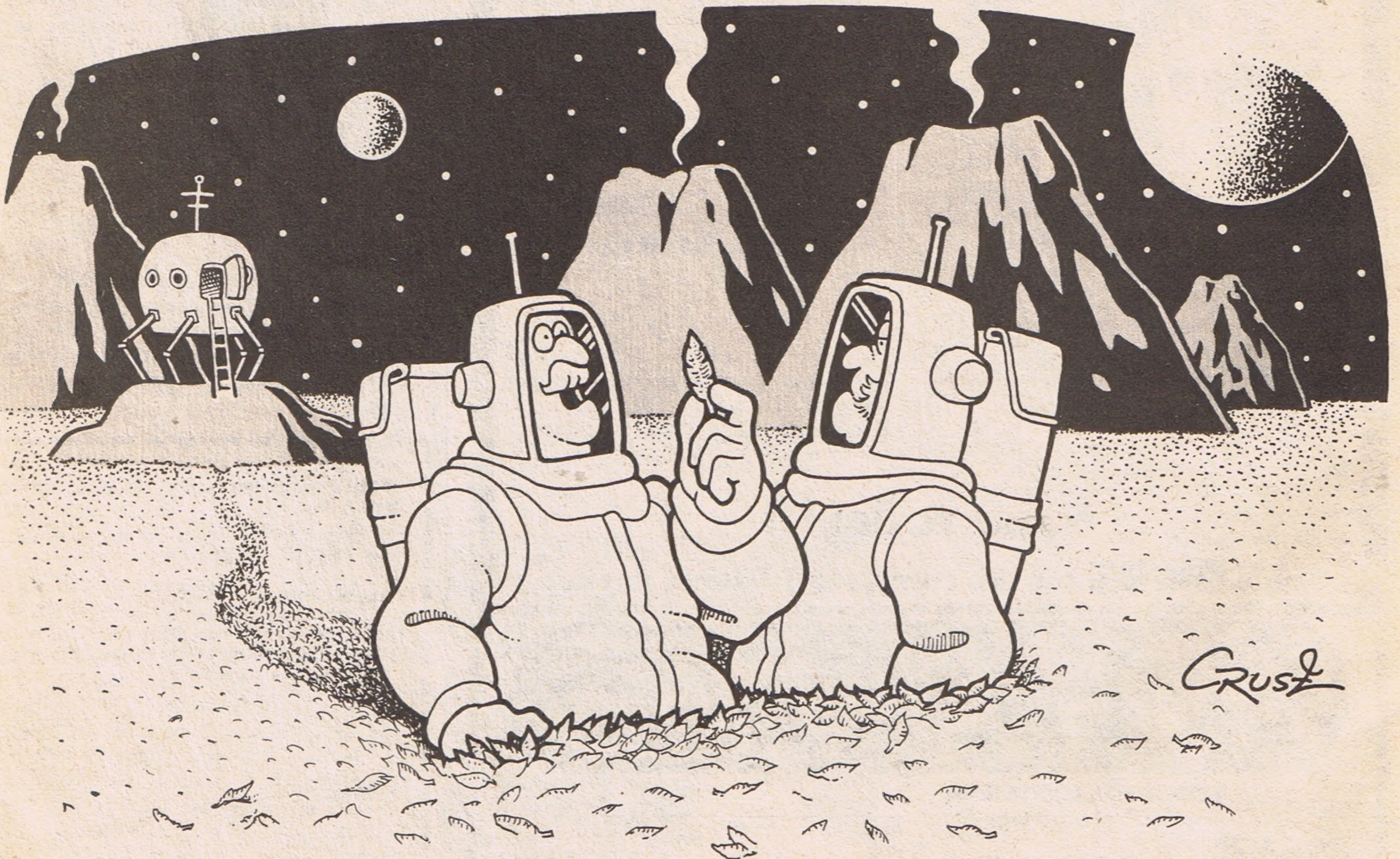
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COMMUNICATIONS

VISIONS-ESP CONTROVERSY

... When I read David Houston's "rebuttal" to ESP proponents, I thought I was reading a tract on philosophy or epistemology. His type of writing tends to convince me *more* of the existence of psi because of his fallacy of trying to hold down a position "impossible to prove," while parapsychologists and other scientist-experimentors, in the true spirit of the scientific method, are busy conducting *field research*. Houston is obviously an eloquent



Photo: © 1978 ITC Entertainment

writer who holds down a responsible position with a science-fiction/science-fact magazine. He is also a West Coast editor. I would have advised him to first get out and perform some positive field research at any of the responsible California labs or universities where psi phenomena experiments have been and are being conducted. In his own words, Houston disregards these laboratories with the remark that their studies of parapsychology "mean nothing to me." It is arguments which begin from negative propositions which are the true pseudoscience, not parapsychology!

Anthony Klotz
39 Simon Street
Babylon, NY 11702

... Quoting David Houston himself (STARLOG #15), "Begin with the logical assumption that ESP does not exist, that there *has* to be some other logical explanation for anything that looks like a *psi* phenomenon. Now work *hard* to come up with alternative explanations that might possibly account for the events in question." Talk about convicting yourself out of your own mouth, or your own typewriter! The most dedicated and literate of fanatical theologians could hardly come up with a better statement of unswerving blind faith than that one... a real unbiased, scientific attitude, huh? Go away with your facts and evidence, I already know what the answer must be. Also, Mr. Houston grossly misuses Occam's Razor, which merely says that when several explanations for something are available, the simplest explanations are to be preferred. (But note: preferred doesn't necessarily mean correct.) I think most people would agree that it's really a lot simpler to accept paranormal powers as the explanation... than the far-fetched and complicated set of coincidences, mistakes, stupidity and outright faking that the ex-

plainers-away, such as Mr. Houston, would have us accept in their place.

Ron Goodman
P.O. Box 1288
Monrovia, CA 91016

That wasn't a method of proof I was describing in what you quoted, Mr. Goodman. No proof is possible in this case, by any method, since the contention is a negative one. It was to be taken as a suggestion for a mulling process that might lead to a hypothesis of sorts. Try this: do it my way, then flip the coin—assume that psi is the answer to everything for a while. Then take your choice. But you're right in a way; if I had been describing a method for proving that something does exist, and if that were the only method I mentioned, then I would be advocating unswerving blind faith.

... I was surprised by all of the protest letters that had taken a stand against Mr. Houston's opinions. May I remind all of these negative-thinking protestors that what Mr. Houston believes about psychic phenomena is only an opinion that can neither be proved nor disproved. I would also like to mention that what Rev. Corsbie stated about Christianity being based on ESP and parapsychology is very anti-Christian. Religion, whether it be Christianity or not, should not be brought down to a level to where it fits in the "ESP" category of nonsensical ravings. I believe this because faith in God is what started this country, and without faith man is nothing.

Christopher Slaughter
1884 Campground Road
Bristol, VA 24201

Thanks, I think. But I disagree that opinions can neither be proved nor disproved (what if I were to take a stand against the existence of the Eiffel Tower, or germs?), and so, really, I welcome the letters.

... You are incorrect in saying that *psi* has no basis in science. At the same time, you may be quite correct. In the sense of the methodologies of science, you are incorrect... (but) you are correct... that there is no consistent and, indeed, plausible theory of *psi* that does not contradict present physical thought.

As for the self-exclusion principle and uncertainty: at one level you are correct, although from your phrasing I feel it is quite possible that you misunderstand the concept of uncertainty... Uncertainty is a product of a particular partitioning of the universe; (and) we create uncertainty by the mere conceptual partitioning of the universe where, in fact, no partition exists.

In regard to faulty argument, you quite rightly say, "that Stanford and Rhine and others are studying the subject means nothing to me." I wish more people had your resistance to authority... but then you go on to say that "a good many colleges have offered courses in astrology, too." Hold on! Does the fact that a good many colleges offer courses in astrology discredit their scientific reputations? Do these colleges teach astrology in the physics depart-

ment or in the art or psychology or philosophy or history departments? It makes a difference.

You say that "the only statistic integral to a scientific proof is 100%." You are wrong. I know of no 100% proof in the entire realm of science.

With those irksome thoughts out of the way, I must go on to say that for all my objections to your arguments, Mr. Houston, I tend to agree with you when you say that you see no reason to believe in ESP or *psi*. Occam's razor is indeed sharp.

Jeff Jones
8817 Eager Rd. Apt 2e
St. Louis, MO 63144

... I am pleased that someone can discern between science and what people are misled to believe. At the risk of sounding misled, I'd like to say, "May the Force be with you at STARLOG."

I would like to contest a statement made by Rev. Corsbie in your article (STARLOG #15). The Reverend said, "If you go strictly by science, a bumble bee cannot fly, according to the law of aerodynamics." This state-



Photo: © 1978 Walt Disney Productions

ment was made when the science was still in its infancy... by people who failed to take into account one of the most important details (as do many ESP supporters in their arguments). The bee *can* fly when you take into account *all* the factors. The factor that was not being taken into account is the bee's strength!

Walter Bryan Turner
Route 4, Box 304
Athens, AL 35611

Thanks. I wondered what they were leaving out.

DAVID HOUSTON

ATTENTION SUBSCRIBERS: Please do not send merchandise orders in with your subscription renewals. Since all subscription renewals and complaints are handled at P.O. Box 1999, Farmingdale, N.Y., 11737, your order may be delayed up to a week.

LOG ENTRIES

EXPLORE THE PLANETS IN NEW AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM HALL



Photo: Ron Miller

What we know about the solar system will be brought to life in a new hall called "Exploring the Planets," due to open this fall at the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum in Washington. Fantastic astronomical art, plus video displays, scale models, animated film segments and computer quizzes will provide a guided tour through the solar system—as we know it.

"Our biggest worry," confided curator Dr. Bob Wolfe, "is staying current. New discoveries keep coming faster and faster. The solar system keeps changing. We tried to build in flexibility, especially in the area of the outer planets, so that when we learn something new it can be incorporated into the hall."

Since Dr. Wolfe's team began work on the hall last year, they've already had to incorporate a few revisions: rings around Uranus and a moon for Pluto. "We have panels that can be easily replaced and video setups that can take an updated cassette. This hall isn't like our World War II aviation section. We've just begun to explore planets. We don't know everything yet."

A *Voyager* spacecraft, like the two

currently headed for rendezvous with Jupiter, is the only full-scale spacecraft in the section. Significantly, over the next four years *Voyager* will return all kinds of new information about Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. That's why Dr. Wolfe has made provisions for flexibility.

Mars and Venus, our two most familiar planetary neighbors, are given the most extensive treatment. "Descent to Venus" is an animated film short based on Soviet space probes that have visited there. The Mars Overflight is a simulated low-orbit cruise over that planet's surface.

"We relief sculptured three areas of Mars—the volcanic region around Olympus Mons, the Great Chasm and the North Pole—and put the reliefs on five-foot drums," Dr. Wolfe explained. "We give the visitor the experience of flying over Mars, viewing the scene through 'windows,' which is really a cunningly disguised lens."

Other features of the hall are introductory units to the history of planetary astronomy, and to how we learn about the planets—both from Earth-based observation and robot spacecraft explorers.

STARLOG's Space Art Advisor Ron Miller puts the finishing touches on his mural of Jupiter and Io, gracing the entrance to new Exploring the Planets hall.

A comparative planetology area features scale models of the major planetary bodies in the system, from a 10-foot-diameter Jupiter to a one-inch-diameter asteroid, Ceres. "It really puts Earth in its place," Dr. Wolfe remarked.

Once you've digested the wealth of entertaining information in the hall, you can test your new knowledge on a color-graphics computer terminal that gives a multiple-choice quiz. "In some cases it's better to get a wrong answer," Dr. Wolfe noted, "because then the computer will explain why the answer is wrong and why you might have thought it was right."

As for keeping the hall up to date with the latest news from the solar system, Dr. Wolfe has come up with a high-technology solution: "I think we'll put a blackboard at the entrance to the hall and post newly discovered objects as they are found, once a week or so."

IT'S NOT NICE TO FOOL WITH MOTHER NATURE

David Burton, a successful lawyer in Sydney, Australia, is having "daymares." Instead of bad dreams at night, visions come to him showing the most horrible and disturbing things at the worst times. During a traffic jam he sees the city suddenly underwater, complete with floating cadavers. When

studying, a glowing aborigine appears holding out a strangely carved stone. To make matters worse, the weather goes crazy in reality. Desert towns which haven't seen moisture in years are suddenly bombarded with hailstorms. The city's rainfall suddenly turns oily black and pours down with an abundant vengeance. The highly analytical, pridefully rational man's world has suddenly gone insane. Or has

it?

Burton's odyssey of self-discovery is chronicled in *The Last Wave*, a psychic thriller which is to *The Fury* and *Carrie* as chess is to hockey. Instead of ample shocks and gore, Aussie filmmakers Hal and Jim McElroy hang their cautionary tale on the cosmic-puzzle which Burton, played by ex-*Dr. Kildare* Richard Chamberlain, must unravel to save his sanity at the cost of his orderly life. The trail stretches from his terrifying boyhood dreams concerning his mother's death to the trial of several murdering aborigines—one of which David recognizes as the vision stone-holder.

Garnering strong critical acclaim at the Cannes Film Festival, *The Last Wave* marks another success for the team that brought the world the non-SF *Picnic At Hanging Rock* and the rare occult classic, *The Cars That Ate Paris*. United Artists and Janus Films share the responsibility of releasing their latest effort internationally. Look for it at your local "art cinema" soon and in the meantime . . . beware of aborigines bearing gifts.

Left: David Burton, as played by Richard Chamberlain, discovers the remnants of a submerged aborigine civilization and, quite possibly, the secret of his own mystical origins, in the haunting Australian film entitled *The Last Wave*. Already the flick has attained cult status.



Photo: © United Artists

FUTURE LAUNCHES SPACE ART CLUB

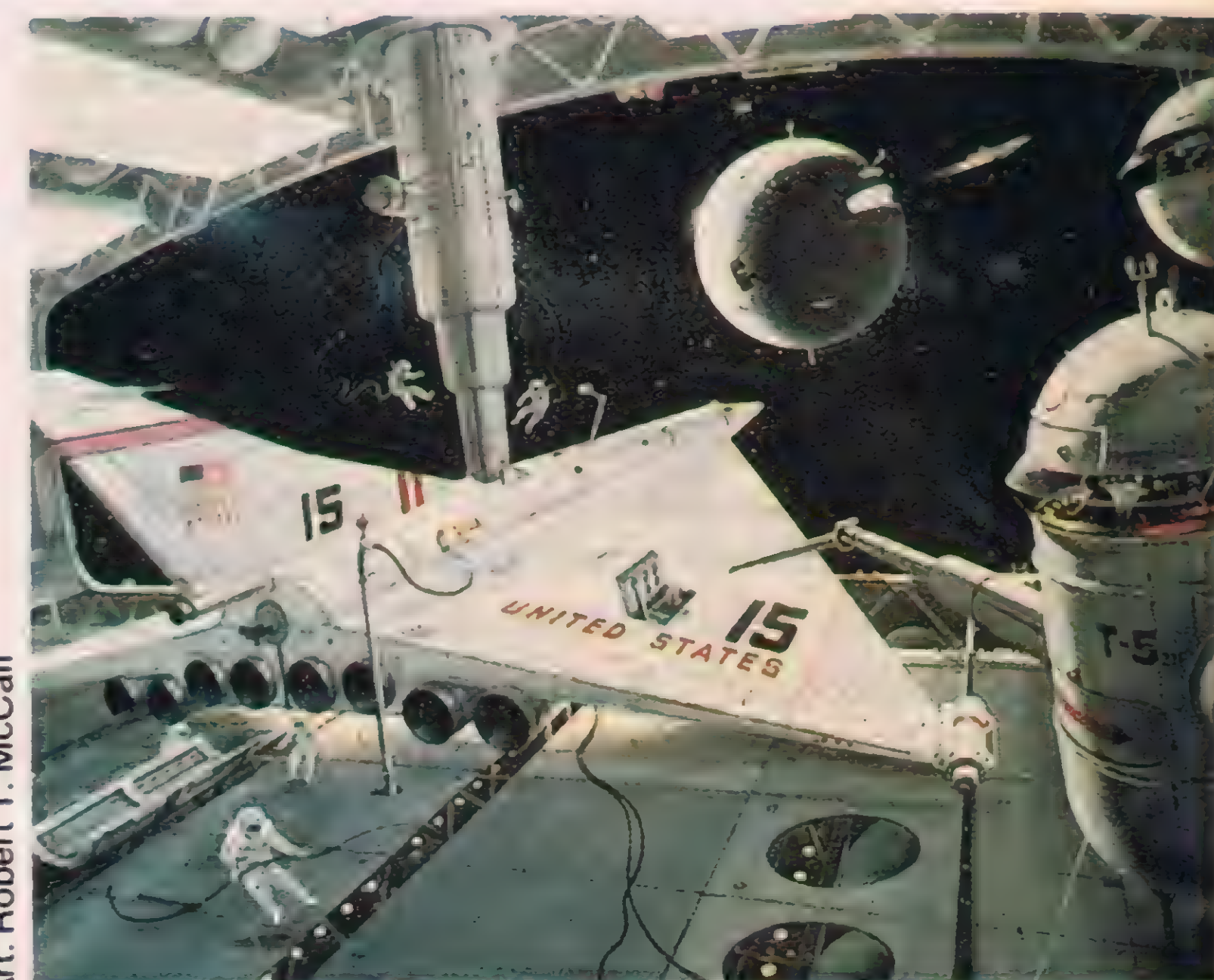
FUTURE Magazine, STARLOG's sister publication, is launching a new project that will make available, for the first time, a selection of high-quality, fine-art prints featuring the world's greatest space artists. Eight prints will be offered during the next year by such outstanding artists as Bob McCall, Vincent diFate and Syd Mead. The colorful subjects will include planetary landscapes, cosmic vistas and futuristic hardware.

Most of the paintings are being created exclusively for the Club and are not available anywhere else. Those who join the Space Art Club will receive a 50% discount off the single-print price.

"We constantly receive letters," said publisher Kerry O'Quinn, "from readers who want to know where they can buy good prints of space art paintings. Frankly, there isn't anyplace—no galleries or shops—so we decided to do it ourselves and do it right!"

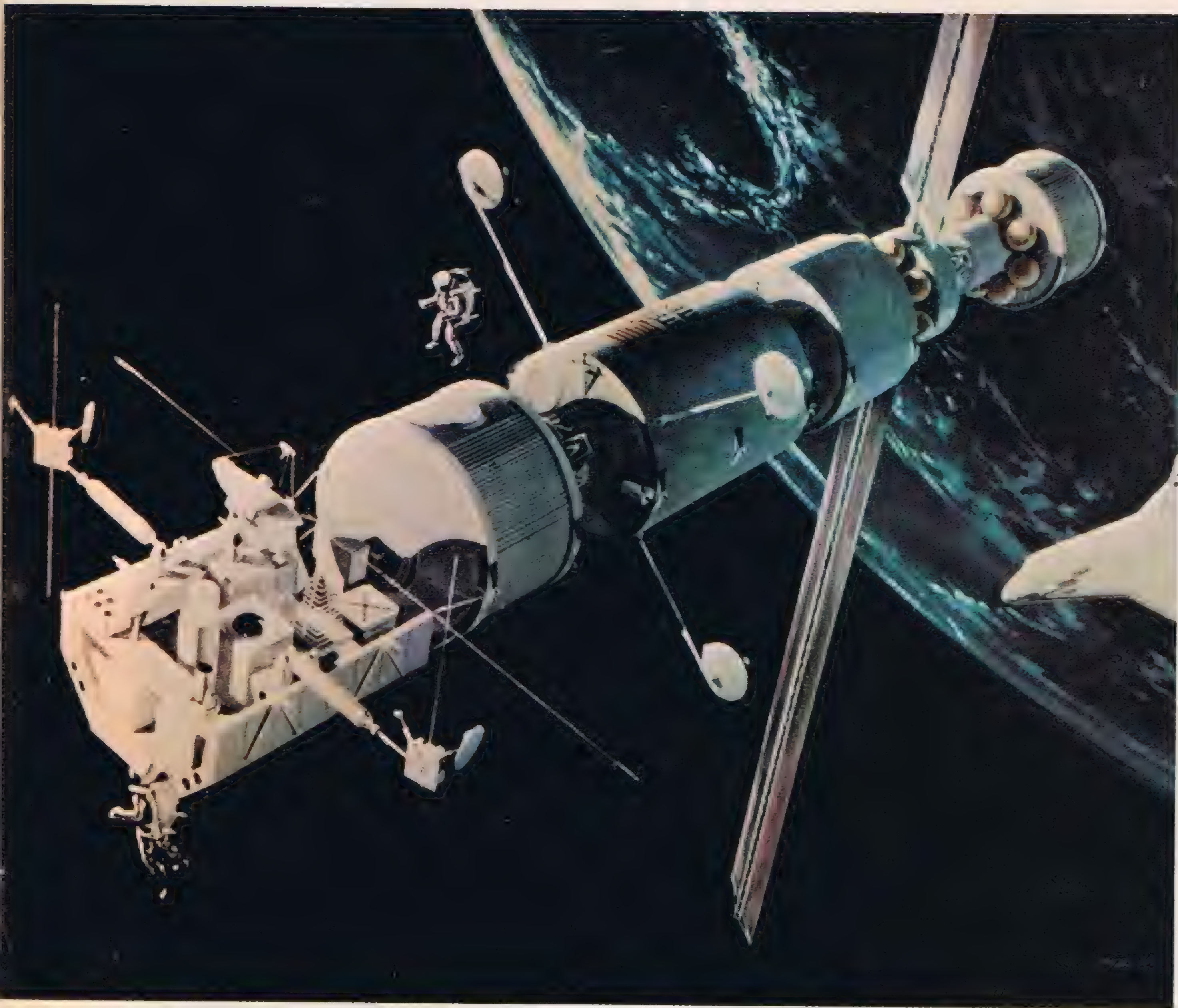
And "right" is the way the Club will do it. Each print will be a strictly limited edition so that the value to collectors will be protected. Prints will be lithographed on extremely high-quality textured paper, tissue protected and shipped in large tubes. And for those really serious art lovers, the Club will offer a Deluxe Signature Edition which will be hand-signed by the artists.

Details will be announced in the next issue of FUTURE, on sale September 26th, and there will also be an order form in the next issue of STARLOG.



Art: Robert T. McCall

"Space Station 2000" by renowned space artist Robert T. McCall will be the first color poster selection for FUTURE Magazine's Space Art Club.



Art: NASA

A 25-kilowatt power module could be the beginning of a permanent space station. Segments of the European Space Agency's Spacelab could be left in orbit, along with a modest habitat for crew, while the shuttle returns to Earth.

SPACE SHUTTLE SERVICE STATION

When the space shuttle goes into service next year it will only be capable of staying in orbit for seven days. That's because the shuttle can only carry a week's supply of electrical power.

Now, considering that a majority of astronauts spend their first two or three days in zero-g experiencing the joys of "space motion sickness," and considering that the Skylab astronauts who stayed in space the *longest* came back in the *best* physical condition, one might deduce that seven-day flight durations are not exactly optimum.

Since NASA doesn't have the money to start building a comfortable space station right away, everybody is investigating next-best options.

The most logical option is a 25-kilowatt power module that would be carried up by the shuttle and provide enough electricity to extend missions beyond 60 days. Studies now underway at NASA are in the planning stage. Basically the power station will be an array of photovoltaic cells which convert sunlight into electricity. New elements could be added onto the first module to form a free-flying electricity

ELO SAUCER LANDS IN U.S.

Last year, the Electric Light Orchestra delighted a lot of rock fans with their UFO-laden LP, *Out Of The Blue*. This year the British band is thrilling even larger numbers by appearing on stage in a 60-foot flying saucer based on the LP's cover. In concert, ELO appears, literally, out of the blue. The unique saucer/stage, the first of its kind ever constructed, is made of lightweight aluminum alloy and molded fiberglass. It uses the most sophisticated lighting console ever created (with 80 separate channels) and is powered by portable generators which produce enough electricity to keep the 525,000 watts of light functioning at all times. The rocking UFO also boasts a battery of laser lights along its glass portals and has a "top" section which "flies."

"It's almost like a close encounter with a UFO," laughs Andy Trueman, ELO's production manager. "Actually, *Out Of The Blue* was released before *Close Encounters*, but it's nice

the way they've overlapped visually. Anyone familiar with the movie will feel familiar with our stage show."

Trueman, V.P. of Tasco Sound, says that the mammoth saucer/stage, designed by associate Mike Crisp (officially dubbed Design Engineer), is

based loosely on the album's cover saucer and a design offered by ELO themselves. So far, the incredible stage show has presented no problems. Well . . . maybe a few.

"Our biggest problem is getting everything into our trucks going from



The massive ELO UFO currently on tour is a rock stage first.

station—always in orbit and available for a passing space shuttle to plug into and stay awhile.

The next step? Perhaps the shuttle will drop off a Spacelab at the power station and return for its next mission, leaving a crew of scientists to carry on in orbit. (Since Spacelab doesn't include living quarters, an extra component would have to be designed to accommodate the crew of a free-flying Spacelab. If Skylab is salvaged and refurbished, it might do nicely.

Future-planners at NASA hope they'll get the money to begin building a power module in the fiscal year 1980 budget, so extra electricity will be available by 1983-84.

"Once you have the power module," said Melvin Savage, Director of Advanced Development for NASA, "you end up being able to do more science with fewer shuttle missions."

So, in addition to stretching the duration of space visits in the shuttle era, the power module will save money in the long run.

"It should cost under \$150 million for four years of development and construction," Savage estimates.

That may sound like a lot. But at more than \$20 million per shuttle flight, we figure the power module will pay for itself inside two years.

THE REDEEMER IS A DEVIL-MAY-CARE KID

While Damien the anti-Christ is hard at work making a big impression on humanity in *Omen II*, young actor Christopher Flint is busy redeeming the hell out of sinners in *The Redeemer*, *Son Of Satan*, a fairly misnamed chiller. Rising from a lake one night, the surreal spook-kid traps six pretty repulsive pals in a phony high school reunion held, appropriately enough, in an abandoned high school. Before anyone in the audience can wonder

what ever happened to the class of '67, a mysterious disguised killer begins to answer that question quite graphically . . . doing in the dirty half-dozen post haste. The little boy from the lake is there to cheer the killer on but . . . wait a minute. Just who is this tyke? Is he really the Son of Satan or is he working for the God squad? Constantine Gochis directs. Jeannetta Arnette, T.G. Finkbinder and Damien Knight star. The film's finale is guaranteed to instill a shudder in all those who, according to the film's resident holy man, "have not followed the paths of righteousness."



Photo: © ITC Entertainment

Above: This skull-faced avenger skulks the high school halls as *The Redeemer*, following that old adage, "a sinner saved is a sinner burned."

show to show," he smiles. "The entire set fills up eight 45-foot semi-tractor trailer units. The saucer itself takes up four."

Another potential dilemma faced by the spacey show is the reaction of technical crews in different concert halls when given the task of constructing the saucer in one day! "When they've only seen pictures of the ship, it's very easy for them to flip out. But, in actuality, six weeks before each date we visit the hall and give their technical crews detailed blueprints. We go over the show step by step. By the time the concert actually occurs, everything runs like clockwork. All the problems have been ironed out weeks before."

It takes some 45 technicians to erect the mighty ELO ship, 20 of the crew actually travel with the band. But the labor, according to Trueman, is well worth it. "It's the biggest lighting rig that's ever been on tour; bigger than Zeppelin, the Stones or Wings ever used. We've built the ship and the stage out of materials that are quick to assemble and very rigid but realistic enough not to look like a children's model kit.

"The rings of red, blue and yellow that were painted on the saucer on



From left: Andy Trueman, Nick Pitts, Tasco Prez Joe Brown and designer Mick Crisp.

the LP cover are reproduced on stage by rings of lights that are in the ship. There are 100 lights per ring surrounding the ship and all patched into a lighting console which has a chase matrix facility. You can set it so these lights swirl around the ship in opposite directions. It creates quite an illusion."

The ship also shoots out laser beams onto the ceiling in different designs. "We have been doing a lot of research with a professor from Hawaii who's actually touring with ELO and looking after the control and maintenance of the lasers," says Trueman, who also states that the ELO tour is prepared for any possible malfunction of equipment. "The only part of the ship that can break down is the top part which takes off. We have four replacements for the four hoists."

Once the tour is over, Trueman says, the ship will be cannibalized and its versatile parts used for future ELO tours. Until that time, however, the saucer will continue to soar coast-to-coast. "The actual lighting system cost a quarter of a million dollars, the ship another quarter, the sound system another quarter and ELO's instruments a fortune. It costs over \$4,000 just to move the set from show to show. By the end of the tour we would have been able to have financed a major motion picture for that money. But ELO isn't doing this tour to make fortunes for themselves. They're doing it to say thank you to the people who have bought their records. They are saying 'Here we are. This is the biggest show ever presented in the U.S. Thank you for making it possible.'"



Left: Brooke Adams is in the clutches of another "body snatcher" during *Shock Wave*. Four months from now she will co-star in the Phil Kaufman remake of *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers*—a very busy girl.

SF MARAUDERS, MUTANTS AND MENACES ARRIVE ON SCREEN

An army of science-fiction films is currently debuting around the country, introducing movie mavens to some of the most outlandish characters ever concocted for the screen. In New World's *Deathsport*, all the characters are mutants! Taking place some 1,000 years from now (after the time of the Great Neutron Wars), the film showcases a world divided into desert wastelands and isolated City-States. There are two main strains of humanity left outside the States: the cannibalistic Mutants and the Range Guides. The Guides are superhuman, positive mutations equipped with telepathy.

When Guide David Carradine is captured by a horde of Statesmen, he is forced to join in the States' new and improved version of capital punishment: *Deathsport*—a quaint little exercise wherein condemned prisoners fight to the death on their Death Machines, powerful combat motorcycles equipped with anti-matter weaponry. Plenty of combat and not too much of a plot is the result.

Shock Waves, a current film about to make its debut on television this fall, offers mutants of another kind . . . left-over experiments of the Nazi party. A group of tourists shipwrecked on an isolated island accidentally discovers the creatures—soldiers designed as prototypes for a division of underwater World War II assault troops called "shock waves." Also on the island is the veteran S.S. officer put in charge of

the cargo. The water-loving shock wave troops are pleased to see fresh faces on the isle . . . so pleased, in fact, that for most of the film they concentrate on hugging them to death. Peter Cushing, Brooke Adams and John Carradine join the soggy love-in.

Currently in production under the Hanna-Barbera banner *C.H.O.M.P.S.*, is the tale of a mechanical hound.

The cast of the new *Aliens From Spaceship Earth*, released by Calvacade Pictures, is neither mutant nor mechanical, merely mundane. The "documentary" poses this question to viewers: "Do you have memories of beings who do not resemble the people around you?" If the people around you resemble those found in the film, con-

sider yourself lucky. The "aliens" in this flick are strictly Earthbound retreads from the psychedelic sixties. Producer/director Don Como has assembled such transcendental trippers as Donovan, Leigh Taylor Young and Baba Ram Dass to guide hoodwinked SF fans into this TM travelogue.

Como is also responsible for the NTA release *Unknown Powers*, yet another "documentary" concerning the land beyond. Is there life after death? What is the mysterious force called healing? What are Samantha Eggar, Jack Palance and Will Geer doing in this film? Blame it on *Unknown Powers*.

Also unknown, at this point, is the progress being made on a host of upcoming science-fiction films targeted for release in 1978-1979. Among the more interesting titles are *Weatherman* (human manipulation of the forces of Nature), *7 Warriors*, *7 Planets* (from a treatment by Harlan Ellison), *I, Robot*, (Harlan again from Isaac Asimov's story), *7-Inch Wilderness* (teeny people scripted by Ib Melchior), *Doomsday 2000*, *Gad* (Malcolm McDowell as a leader of the futuristic mind wars), *High School 2000*, *The Phoenix* (that golden oldie myth), *King Solomon's Mines* (Patrick Macnee vs. dinosaurs) and *Mistress Of The Apes*.



Above: Claudia Jennings, ex-Playboy Playmate of the Year and self-proclaimed "Queen of the 'B' Movies," co-stars with David Carradine in the sequel of Roger Corman's multi-million dollar success, *Death Race 2000*, called *Deathsport*.

CLONES, STAR COMMAND JOIN FALL TV LINE-UP

The shape of science fiction to come on video airwaves this fall is taking form even at this late date. Two of the latest additions to the SF swarm are the telefilm *Clones*, slated for CBS, and *Jason Of Star Command*, a Saturday-morning serial also scheduled for the same network.

Clones (not to be confused with NBC's *Clone Master*) is a two-hour psychological horror story (according to CBS) based on the recent publicity flap concerning cloning and genetic engineering conducted in musty laboratories in South America.

Jason Of Star Command is the newest science-fiction adventurer to come out of the magical minds of Filmmation, the folks currently working on *Flash Gordon* and continuing with *Space Academy*. Actually, *Jason* can

be considered a "son of" *Space Academy* show. A 15-minute continuing adventure to be aired every Saturday morning, the show will actually take place in another section of the massive Academy vessel, called *Star Command*, and spotlight the exploits of an all-new cast of characters. The hero of the series is, of course, handsome Jason (Craig Littler). His love interest, Nicole (Susan Pratt-O'Hanlan), is a 22-year-old captain of a starship. The two spend their time arguing when they're not busy planet-hopping. Also onboard the joyride is evil Drago (Syd Haig), a half-human, half-alien villain who wears a golden mask, and Professor Parsafoot, the quintessential absent-minded professor with a heart of gold.

Lou Scheimer of Filmmation is quite pleased with the 16-part serial. "It's a lot more action-oriented than *Space Academy*," he said. "We have an entire assortment of great new devices; a lot of new models. Drago's dragonship is new, sort of an anthropomorphic spiritship. We've also replaced our old Seeker ship with small war vessels called Starfires. Drago will have warrior Drone ships as well. Oh yes, there will be a robot called Wiki who's 3½ inches tall. He can accomplish mini-feats that clumsy humans can't."

Jason will be aired as part of *The Super 7* show on CBS starting in September, with reruns set for next spring.



Photo: CBS

Above: Filmmation's latest claim to SF fame was Saturday morning's *Space Academy*, of which the above model is called H.Q. Next season expect *Jason Of Star Command*.

OUTER SPACE MEETS INNER CITY

October 1 marks the 20th anniversary of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and its biggest booster club, the National Space Institute, is throwing a month-long birthday party (Sept. 25-Oct. 25) dubbed the Chicago Spacewatch.

Poster and essay contests throughout Chicago's school system, appearances by astronauts (both veterans and trainees), television program tie-ins, field trips to special spacecraft exhibits at the Museum of Science and Industry and film screenings at the Adler Planetarium are some of the activities lined up for NSI's ambitious program. First question: Why Chicago?

"Primarily because Chicago isn't thought of as an aerospace town," explains Tom Gorski, NSI's Director of Communications. "This program is a test case. We're trying to get people interested in space and make them aware that space technology can be a tool for solving some of our problems here on Earth. If it works in Chicago, we can

take the program anywhere."

The National Space Institute was founded in 1975 by space pioneer Wernher von Braun, with the purpose of improving public understanding of the space program and increasing public support for future space ventures. The non-profit organization has about 9,000 members and publishes a monthly newsletter on space program activities and spinoffs.

The Chicago Spacewatch is the first large-scale media bash engineered by NSI, but if all goes well it won't be the last.

"Chicago will be a learning exercise," Gorski said, "and we couldn't ask for a better-organized school system to work with."

In addition to school-oriented involvement, NSI will coordinate a number of community activities, featuring a Senior Citizen Day which will focus on useful space by-products for the elderly, such as astronaut food and pace-makers.

Aerospace manufacturers will mount special exhibits at the Museum of Science and Industry: Rockwell's

space shuttle, Lockheed's giant space telescope, communications satellites and more will be on display. The local chapter of the L-5 Society—the Chicago Society for Space Settlement—will host a lecture by space colony proponent Dr. Gerard K. O'Neill. And, undoubtedly, a few more elements will be added to the program to make up a suitable celebration for our 20-year-old space program.

ARTHUR C. CLARKE ON FILM

Famed SF author Arthur C. Clarke will work with filmmaker Robert B. Radnitz in adapting his SF thriller *Dolphin Island* to the silver screen. The proposed film is thus far budgeted in the \$6 million area with special effects calling for the creation of the book's mysterious island. Radnitz will survey projected locations in Australia's Great Barrier Reef this year with scripting tentatively slated for the beginning of next year.

CLONE TIME FOR HITLER?

Is it possible that somewhere in the world dozens of carefully cultivated Adolph Hitler replicas are walking around, waiting for the right moment to revive their reich of horror and death? According to *The Boys From Brazil* (an ITC/20th Century Fox production pre-

miering this fall), it could be.

The movie is based on the novel by Ira Levin, a writer who has already chalked up a couple of successful novel-to-screen adaptations (*Rosemary's Baby*, *The Stepford Wives*).

This story begins in the South American lair of hardened Nazi exile Dr. Mengele, known as the "Angel of Death." Dr. Mengele is doing some

work with cloning.

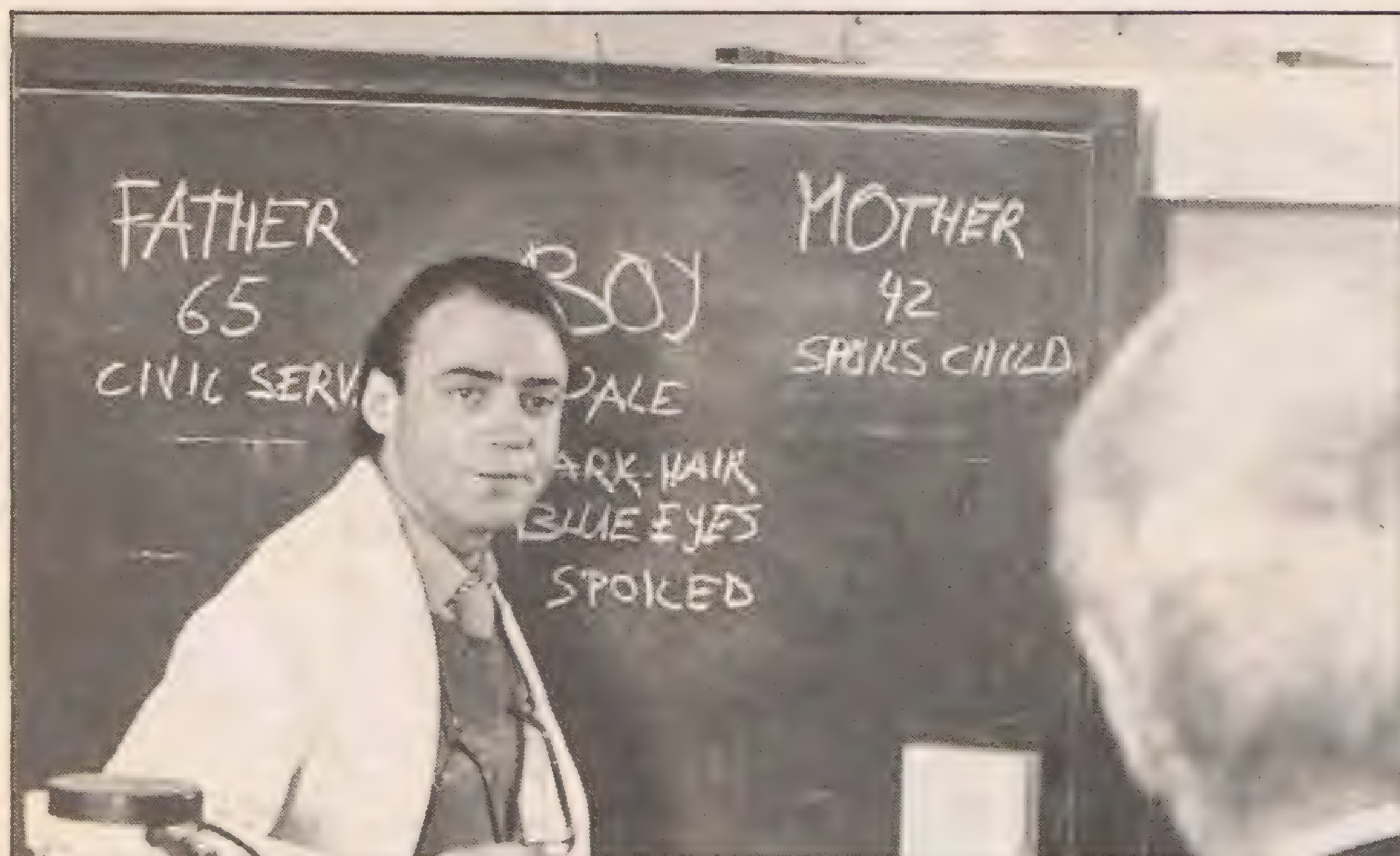
Meanwhile, famed Nazi-hunter Ezra Lieberman is following up the clues of boys found in Germany and the U.S. who look the same, act the same and come from the same family backgrounds.

Lieberman and Dr. Mengele confront each other in the Pennsylvania living room of another look-alike boy and the plot is uncovered: 94 boys were genetically produced by the Nazis from blood and skin of the insane dictator. These lads were placed in family surroundings that matched Hitler's. But Hitler's father died when he was 14. So, if the conspiracy is to work, 94 fathers have to die . . .

Bringing this incredible plot to life are some of the world's greatest cinematic talents. Gregory Peck, in his first out-and-out evil role, plays Dr. Mengele. Sir Laurence Olivier enacts Lieberman to complete what may be one of the more electrifying casting duos of recent years. Franklin Schaffner, director of *Planet Of The Apes*, *Patton* and *Papillon*, helmed the \$12 million work.

Left: Professor Bruckner played by Bruno Ganz clones around.

Photo: © ITC and 20th Century-Fox



STELLA STAR LOVES STARLOG

STARLOG's New York office gets hundreds of letters every day from readers devoted to the many worlds of science fiction. Most of the notes express an undying love for the genre and begin with statements very much like the opening of a recent letter from Luigi Cozzi. "I'm a great fan of science-fiction movies and magazines," he wrote STARLOG from Rome, Italy. A typical piece of fan mail, right? Wrong.

When not spending his time pursuing his hobby of collecting science-fiction memorabilia, Italian SF booster Cozzi diligently works at becoming Italy's leading SF film director. Recently he completed production on AIP's soon-to-be-released *Starcrash* (or *The Adventures Of Stella Star*). A multi-million-dollar space opera destined to be dubbed in five languages for its initial worldwide release, *Starcrash* was written by the multi-faceted Luigi under the pen name of Lewis Coates.

"The movie includes a lot of animation done by Italian artist Armando Valcauda, who also did all the models and space scenes," Cozzi revealed in his letter. "It stars Christopher Plum-

mer, Caroline Munro (as Stella Star) and Marjoe Gortner. It's a full, wild space fantasy . . . a kind of 'Sinbad Goes To Space,' as I call it."

Cozzi then stated that he was offering a host of exclusive behind-the-scenes *Stella Star* photos to STARLOG as "a tribute of mine to your magazine, which I do like very much." Cozzi's gift to his fellow

STARLOG readers can be seen in detail in STARLOG #18 in an in-depth feature on *Starcrash*. In the meantime, Italian space-opera buffs can wet their whistles with this off-camera shot showing (left to right) writer-director Cozzi, star Caroline Munro and special effects creator Armando Valcauda reading their favorite SF magazine in the *Stella Star* SFX shop. ★



Photo: courtesy Luigi Cozzi

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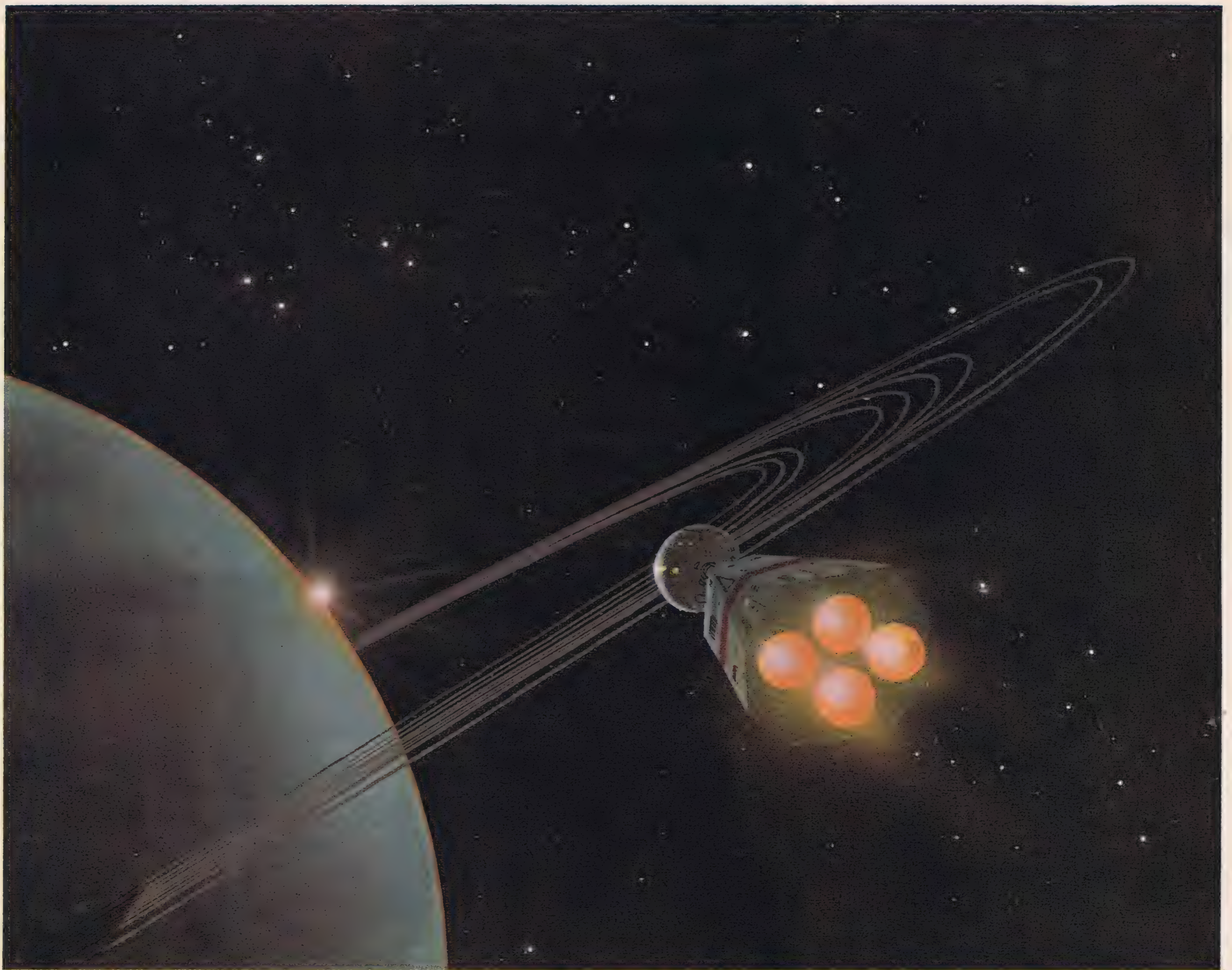
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INTERPLANETARY EXCURSIONS, INC.



Art: Ron Miller

Swinging around from behind the planet Uranus, Interplanetary Excursions, Inc.'s scenic cruise ship approaches the rings from well above the plane of the ecliptic. The rings orbit the plane of Uranus' equator which is inclined about 98 degrees.

Port of Call: The Other Rings

By JONATHAN EBERHART

People who have no idea how many moons Mars has, or which planet is the largest in the solar system, somehow always remember Saturn. The one with the rings. It's almost automatic: rings = Saturn. Even if some surrealist were to portray the planet lying on its side, paint it gray-green instead of orange-white and reduce the disklike, brilliant rings to a bunch of skinny, black lines, the viewer's first association would probably be with Saturn.

Unless, of course, he remembered Uranus.

It was not until March 10, 1977, that Earthlings discovered the presence in their Solar System of a second ringed world, and then it was only by accident. Over the preceding few days,

astronomers had spread out to Australia, India, South Africa and elsewhere to be in position to record the event of Uranus passing between the Earth and a star. Because Uranus has a substantial atmosphere, its edge or "limb" is not sharp, and the rate at which the star's light was cut off by the limb would tell something about how the atmosphere changes with depth. Observers at different locations, furthermore, would see the star disappear and reemerge at slightly different parts of the limb, so that the data could be combined to indicate the planet's oblateness and diameter. Thus they would be focusing not on the planet but on the star, typically using light-measuring devices called photometers to record its brightness as it blinked off and then, some time later, blinked on again. The astronomers got more than they expected.

What they saw, or what their photo-

meters recorded, was a series of short blinks before the main one, and another series afterward. Only one group actually saw them all: a team headed by Cornell's Jim Elliot, flying above the southern Indian Ocean in a NASA airborne observatory consisting of a converted jet transport with a dome in the "roof" for a telescope. Other groups variously saw only the "inbound" or "outbound" blinks, depending upon their location on Earth in the "shadow" of Uranus, but the timings of the blinks (corrected for the location of the observing site) have since been well matched. At first there were brief thoughts that the blinks might represent several previously unknown moons circling the planet. Then it was noticed that the timing of the blinks preceding the main occultation was the mirror image of the timing on the outbound leg; in other words, each inbound blink could (with one excep-

tion) be matched with an outbound blink at the same distance from the planet. Such a regular structure, the scientists reasoned, could only mean one thing—rings.

A second Saturn? Don't bet on it. The rings of Uranus are not only radically different from Saturn's, they also have some mysteries of their own. Saturn gets the glamor award (and a future column will take you there); Uranus just raises questions.

Why, for instance, are the rings so skinny? The blink timings indicate that most are barely 10 kilometers wide, whereas Saturn's range from 15,000 to 26,000 km. The skinny rings might have separated out of a smaller number of wider ones, but that would require a complex system of gravitational influences from the planet's moons that no one is even close to figuring out.

Then there's their blackness. Saturn's rings, presumably icy or perhaps metallic, reflect as much as 60 to 80 percent of the sunlight that strikes them. The rings of Uranus are almost literally as dark as night, reflecting as little as two percent. About the only stuff in Nature that's that non-reflective is the carbon-rich material in a rare class of meteorites called carbonaceous chondrites. The Martian moons, Phobos and Deimos, are almost that dark. A black automobile, say, would be a mirror by comparison.

The result is that the Uranian rings are nearly invisible (unless, of course, you let IEI take you there). Previously made images of Uranus—including scans by such super-sensitive instruments as charge-coupled devices—have been combed by computer with no certain sign that the rings show up. The widest of the rings was just barely detected in some measurements made this spring, taken at a wavelength of 2.2 microns—an infrared wavelength which is absorbed by the methane in the planet's atmosphere, making the planet appear darker at that wavelength than the rings.

Even the number of rings is uncertain. At first look, there seemed to be five, which Elliot labeled as (from the innermost one outward) Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta and Epsilon. Then a re-examination of the photometer data revealed signs of a sixth (Eta) ring between Beta and Gamma. There were hints of still more, and when Uranus occulted another star on April 10 of this year, observations of the event by a Hale Observatories/Cal Tech team indicated two or possibly three additional rings, all of them closer to the planet than the original bunch and tagged

(from Uranus outward) as Kappa, Iota and Theta. (The nomenclature will almost certainly be changed, since, as it now stands, the sequence of Greek letters moving outward from the planet is arranged 7-8-9-1-2-6-3-4-5.) Can there be more?

By far, the strangest aspect of the whole affair is the outermost ring, Epsilon. Spanning as much as 100 km from inner edge to outer, it's far wider than the rest of them (which is why it may have showed up in that 2.2 micron scan), but that's not the weird part. You'll recall that the big clue to the rings being rings was that the timing of the inbound and outbound blinks came out in nice, matched pairs—with one exception. Epsilon is the exception.

The Alpha ring, according to the timings as interpreted by Brian Marsden of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, is 44,835 km from the center of Uranus (whose own radius, if you want to figure from the planet's limb, is about 26,200 km). That is, the inbound and outbound blinks each came 44,835 km from the center of the main occultation. Figuring the same way, the Beta, Eta, Gamma and Delta rings have radii of 45,788; 47,290; 47,732 and 48,408 km respectively. (These numbers, by the way, include data from the April 10, 1978 occultation, and have uncertainties of about ± 30 km.) The Epsilon ring, however, showed up in Elliot's 1977 data at 51,697 km on the inbound leg and only 51,030 km on the opposite side of the planet—a difference of 667 km! What's more, in the 1978 occultation the difference was reversed: 50,848 km inbound and 51,402 km—442 km less—coming out.

None of the explanations put forth so far have what one might call staunch supporters. Is the one ring an ellipse while the others (like those of Saturn) are round? Could it be a circle but off-center? Might the Epsilon ring be in a different plane from the rest? One would expect all such maverick behavior to be short-lived at best, "damped out" over time for a variety of reasons, most of which were worked out by Johannes Kepler nearly four centuries ago and which have stood the test of time pretty well. "We really don't have a clue at this point," says one astronomer who is working on the problem. "Maybe it's the Klingons."

Whatever the explanation, the "eccentricity" of the Epsilon ring may turn out to be valuable, notably in studies of Uranus itself. Just like an individual moon, rings—made as they are of vast numbers of individual particles—move around their host

planet, a process called precession. The rate of this precession—the time it takes for the ring to turn 360° —is closely related to the size of the planet's equatorial bulge. A small bulge would mean that Uranus has most of its mass concentrated toward its center, such as in a planet with a substantial core, while a large bulge would imply a more homogeneous interior.

Some astronomers have tried to calculate the oblateness by measuring the precession rates of the orbits of the planet's moons (completely different from the time required for the moons themselves to circle the planet), but the orbits are so round that it's hard to tell how fast they are turning. The Epsilon ring, however, at least as seen from Earth, is effectively *not* round, which means that a few more occultations (or perhaps 2.2-micron scans) may allow the precession rate to be figured out. It's ironic that a major feature of a planet that has been known for nearly two centuries could not be measured until the discovery of what amounts to a little detail that's not even on the planet.

The discovery of the rings of Uranus is one of the major additions in this century to Earthlings' knowledge of the planets. A few scientists have acknowledged—even suggested (the word "predicted" just starts fights)—the possibility, but it still came as a significant surprise. (William Herschel, who discovered Uranus in 1781, thought for a while that he had observed two rings around it at *right angles*! That would *really* give dynamical astronomers a hard time.) Meanwhile, in case you'll be around for a few million years, consider the fact that Phobos, the larger moon of Mars (and nearly as dark as the Uranian rings) is already inside the "Roche limit" within which it should ultimately be torn apart by gravitational stresses. "Phobos," predicts dynamicist Tom Duxbury of Jet Propulsion Laboratory, "will be the next ring plane in the solar system." ★

The wonders of "real" space are at least as remarkable as any environments dreamed up for novels, movies or television; hence this column—a regular travel guide for the spacefarer. Jonathan Eberhart is Space Sciences editor for Science News.



Filming The Fantastic: STEVEN SPIELBERG



Photo: Courtesy Steven Spielberg

At the age of ten, Steven Spielberg disobeyed his parents' orders and saw "I Was A Teenage Werewolf." He had nightmares for two weeks. Twenty years later, Spielberg himself now causes countless numbers of film fanatics to lose sleep with his own widescreen scenarios.

By STEVE SWIRES

In less than a decade, filmmaker Steven Spielberg has succeeded in astounding millions of moviegoers worldwide with his surreal sense of celluloid imagery. His is the realm of man-eating sharks, ethereal saucer children and bloodthirsty tractor-trailers. He is considered by many critics to be the great white hope of the current motion picture industry and his fans number in the millions. Relaxing in his California home, the gangly young film wizard generates an infectious sense of low-keyed kineticism; a flow of energy that can readily be seen in all his productions. His mannerisms are not at all pompous, devoid of the standard Hollywood cliches, and when he speaks about his craft, he betrays a

genuine sense of awe regarding the magical world of filmdom. Surprisingly enough, when asked to recall his beginnings in moviemaking, the easygoing director recounts a series of totally uncinematic experiences.

"I wasn't allowed exposure to motion pictures or television when I was growing up," he confesses. "My parents felt that it was anti-educational. I wasn't allowed to go to the Saturday matinees with my neighborhood friends, and I really wasn't allowed to watch television beyond Sid Ceasar, Imogene Coca and *The Honey-mooners*. I got double doses of the June Taylor dancers. I'm lucky I didn't become a Nureyev.

"I wasn't even reading any science fiction back then. My father was an insatiable SF buff, but I never read his

Left: Spielberg finds himself in the midst of elements from the three feature films that launched his fame.

Above: The director of *CE3K* with star and fellow director, Francois Truffaut, on location in India.

magazines. Maybe it was just because of my father's interest. On the back of the porcelain toilet, he had *Analogs* stacked up to the ceiling and just about every SF short story he could find. He was especially interested in time travel and inter-dimensional ideas, but that didn't rub off on me at all."

Despite his aversion to science fiction proper, young Steven did manage his share of spacey incidents. "I guess my first conscious catharsis was when I was about six or seven years old," he smiles. "My dad came into my bedroom in what must have been the middle of the night (when you're that age and it's dark, it could be the middle of the night even if it's eight o'clock in the morning!). He pulled the covers off me, took me by the hand, dragged me out of bed and got me into the car along with a few picnic blankets. He said he was taking me to see an extraordinary show. He wanted to surprise me, but I was terrified."

"We drove, I guess, half an hour, and then we got out of the car. My little mind exaggerated at that age, so if I saw 100 people there lying on the ground looking up at the sky it seemed like 1,000. He spread out the blanket, took out a few pillows. We looked up at the sky and overhead there was a phantasmagoric meteor shower. My father had heard the announcement on the weather report that evening, and he took me out to let me experience my first cosmic light show. I'll never forget it."

Far from forgetting it, Spielberg eventually recalled the incident on-screen in *Close Encounters*. "There's a scene that somewhat resembles the enthusiasm with which my father burst into my room and pulled the covers off me—when Roy Neary comes home, wakes up his wife Ronnie and tells her she's got to see something important with him."

One of Spielberg's earliest introductions to the world of SF fantasy per se came from Forrest J. Ackerman's classic *Famous Monsters Of Filmland* magazine. (A source of inspiration for George Lucas, Mark Hamill and Rick Baker, as well.) "I used to imitate the makeups in them," Spielberg states. "I was somewhat of a shrewd makeup artist, so I would practice on my three younger sisters. They'd line up: one, two, three. If I failed on the older sister, I'd start on the middle sister. If the makeup ran on her face, I'd go to the younger sister. I pretty much allowed myself three cracks at it. I was forming some sort of visual basis for expressing myself without a camera."

Indeed, according to the director, it was his lack of real contact with movies that eventually drove him to filmmaking. "I was suffering from media starvation," he observes, "and a lot of what I was doing was sort of an ex-

Photos: Courtesy Steven Spielberg



Above, clockwise: fifteen-year-old Spielberg does his first miniature work. Then the same young wizard goes "on location" with a teenage crew. Six years later his first professional job is the *Night Gallery* pilot starring Joan Crawford and Barry Sullivan. In 1975 came the artistic glory and monetary ecstasy of *Jaws*. Finally his beat went on with *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*, here being edited by Steven and Michael Kahn. He is currently working on *1941*, a World War II comedy. Later, he plans to spend time on *CE4K* and an SF epic.



pression of rebellion. You know, 'Gee, Mom and Dad, if you won't let me go to the movies with my friends on Saturday, I'm just going to have to make movies in the living room Monday through Friday and screw up your life.' That's pretty much my raw beginnings."

Despite his parents' warnings, young Steven managed to escape to the local theater regularly. "I began sneaking out to see films at about age ten. I especially remember sneaking out to see *I Was A Teenage Werewolf* and then being severely punished for it by screaming in my sleep. I had a tough time getting to sleep for the next couple of weeks after seeing that movie."

When not participating in the Scottsdale, Arizona, area Little League team or camping with the Boy Scouts ("I reached the rank of Eagle with three palms."), young Spielberg funneled his burgeoning imagination into the world of 8mm home movies. When his father began filming routine vacations for pleasure, it seemed natural to

Steven to spice up the family travelogues with zany footage of his own design. "I sort of began with stop motion. It was the easiest way to procreate, trying to make a clay puppet come to life, two frames for every movement."

As his ambition took on a more sophisticated slant, so did his film equipment, which led to the creation of silent home movies boasting actors and storylines. His first "legitimate" production was a three-minute western, *The Last Gun*, in which fellow boy scouts starred. The resulting drama earned him a much-coveted merit badge and, even more impressive, the approval of an audience of his peers. That was all it took to inspire the fledgling filmmaker.

"I had pretty much cornered the amateur production circuit in Phoenix," Spielberg laughs. "I had drafted all of my friends and made friends with college students so the actors would look more like adults. I made a number of color and black-and-

took it and went to a duplicator and made five or six copies. A week later I began making *Firelight*.

"I raised the money by white-washing trees. I had a citrus tree white-washing business and made about 75¢ a tree. I figured about six trees paid for one roll of film. It's interesting that I would visually *paint* a film in a forest of trees. I'd see a row of orange trees and I would say, 'Okay, that's the first act, that's the second act and that's the third act.' I pretty much raised the money that way. My father threw in about \$300 that I needed at the end of the shooting, and the final cost of the picture was about \$500."

Spielberg fondly recalls the film as being "a cross between Bert I. Gordon and William Castle. It was about an invasion from other worlds by strange nocturnal lights that laid siege to a small town in Arizona. They cut the town off and wouldn't let anyone in or out. The few people trapped inside the town, of course, were the clichés—the scientist, his lovely female assistant and the cynical Army major who'd rather fight than switch. Beyond that, there were just these firelights from up there that were coming down to transport us off our planet and onto theirs."

Displaying the kind of business acumen which would later characterize his Hollywood successes, teenaged Spielberg even managed to turn a profit on the film, rounding up a paying audience for *Firelight's* "world premiere." "I made all the money back plus \$50 the first night. Literally the next day I got into our station wagon with a Mayflower truck behind us and my family moved to the Bay Area in northern California."

Firelight made the trek as well and, today, the film is kept in Steven's archives. "Fourth drawer down in the bureau in the basement," he says. "It's collecting dust with my other home movies. I haven't seen it in about seven or eight years. Someday I'm going to have a screening, but it's not going to be for a while. I think it's something I wouldn't mind pulling out and sitting with at the American Film Institute if I ever get to be Frank Capra's age. For the time being, I'm not anxious to resurrect it."

Arriving in California, Steven allowed his filmmaking to slide while he pursued his high school studies. During his years at Long Beach State College, however, he decided to make a concerted effort to break into the film business via a 35mm silent short called *Amblin'*. At the same time, he concocted a slightly more daring plan designed to get his foot in the door. Every morning for three months he got up early, put on a suit, carried a briefcase and walked right through the main gate onto the Universal Studios lot where, after a short search, he found himself

an empty office and moved in.

Once there, it was Steven's personal interaction with Universal staffers that got him his lucky break. "It all boiled down to coming across a couple of people who were willing to give me a chance. It's always that way. You can bring a great deal of self-assuredness, talent and aggressiveness into your own life, but you can't get the break unless somebody decides to be your godfather or godmother, and that's the problem."

Fortunately, according to Steven, "I had a lot of lucky encounters with people because I happened to be in the right place at the right time and one thing led to another. But nothing worked better than making movies of my own and finally being able to show them to the person who asked that all-important question: 'What have you got to show me, kid?' That's what I had been waiting to hear all my life."

Sponsors like Chuck Silvers, who was the head of the library at Universal and Jerry Freeman, who directed *Kansas City Bomber*, encouraged Spielberg and, eventually, gave him a chance to direct. The would-be filmmaker was offered a term contract by Sid Sheinberg on the basis of *Amblin'*. "The only other young guy working there on the lot was Phil Kaufman who was gainfully unemployed—meaning he was getting a retainer every week to sit around the office and develop ideas, but was not being given the chance to realize them. This was 1968 and, at Universal, long hair was something that only secretaries had."

The following year, at the age of 21, Spielberg was given his first professional assignment. He was to direct Joan Crawford's segment of Rod Serling's *Night Gallery* pilot. "I met Rod Serling once," he reminisces, "and he was the most positive guy in that entire production company. He came into the office completely suntanned. He was a great, energetic, slaphappy guy who gave me a fantastic pep talk about how he predicted that the entire movie industry was about to change because of young people like myself getting the breaks. He was terribly enthusiastic and said: 'Have fun with my show. I know you're going to do a great job.' He shook my hand and left the office. Then Bill Sackheim, the producer, leaned over and whispered in my ear: 'However, don't change any of his dialogue;' which I didn't."

"I know Bill respected Serling so much that he pretty much briefed his different directors when he did the trilogy pilot. He told me that Serling was very particular about his work being visually interpreted properly, but not changed in any literary sense. I was cautioned not to change a preposition. I remember that Rod's dialogue was very, very hard, not only for an actor to



white films, some of them integrating newsreel footage, while others were straight dramatic or horror/fantasy films."

After more than a dozen of these shorts, Spielberg was ready for the big time with a 2½-hour, 8mm, synch-sound SF thriller. "I was a little older than fifteen. I remember being seized by what I have not felt since . . . divine inspiration. I've had spurts of it since, but nothing like when I made a film called *Firelight*. It happened all at once. An idea hit me for a little film, so I sat down at the typewriter.

"I remember knocking out a script by staying up for twenty-four hours. It was only the second time I'd ever stayed up all night long. The first time was in the Boy Scouts, reading *Mad* magazine and vomiting from laughter. I wrote a 140-page screenplay in those twenty-four hours. The ideas were coming out of my brain in what you might call stream-of-consciousness, as fast as I could type. There were top sheets and carbons all over the room. I

memorize, but was very hard to meter when you were speaking. Joan Crawford had a hell of a time finding moments to breathe, where to pause and what to emphasize. I pretty much had to sit down with her and underline key words to get the story points across, so the plot would not be lost. It was not an easy show to do."

Nevertheless, on the strength of that difficult but rewarding stint, Spielberg received other directorial assignments on TV, including Phillip Wylie's SF episode of *The Name Of The Game*, "The Psychiatrist." Shortly thereafter he made the leap to made-for-TV movies with *Duel*, a cat-and-mouse-and-truck tale penned by Richard Matheson. *Duel* proved to be nothing short of sensational, garnering high ratings in this country and raves in Europe where it was released theatrically.

Two more telefilms followed: *Something Evil* and an unsold Martin Landau and Barbara Bain pilot, *Savages*. At this point, Spielberg received his first opportunity to break into feature film, spending two and a half months casting and scouting locations for Burt Reynolds' *White Lightning*. Deciding to make his first feature film project a bit more of a personalized effort, Steven left the Reynolds troupe and, joining with producers Richard Zanuck and David Brown, directed the critically acclaimed (but publicly ignored) *Sugarland Express* . . . a film which led to his biggest success to date, *Jaws*.

"I came into Dick Zanuck's office one day to have a meeting on the viewing of the first cut of *Sugarland Express*. On the way out, I noticed a whole stack of unpublished manuscripts. One said "Jaws" on the cover. I didn't know what "Jaws" meant. I didn't know whether it was some sort of epic novel about dentistry or some kind of sleazy porno. I remember just very simply turning to Dick's secretary and saying 'I'm going to borrow one of these, okay?'

"I read it over the weekend and went out of my mind with it, because I knew exactly what I wanted to do with it if I were to make it into a movie. There were moments of divine inspiration when I was reading *Jaws*, especially the last 150 pages. I remember taking it to Dick and David that Monday and admitting that I had made off with a copy and that I very much wanted to direct it. They said, 'Gee, we'd love you to direct it, too, but when we bought the movie rights, we bought a director named Dick Richards who had come attached to it.' So I said, 'If anything falls through, call me.' Three weeks later my agent called and said, 'Dick Zanuck just phoned to tell me that Dick

Richards is out and they'd like you to direct it.'"

Spielberg's contribution to *Jaws* was not limited to directing. "After Howard Sackler and I collaborated in revising Peter Benchley's draft, I wrote an entire draft of the screenplay. That's pretty much what was filmed. I then hired Carl Gottlieb to come in and do some dialogue polishing for about five weeks while shooting on Martha's Vineyard."

Jaws wasn't Spielberg's first experience with scriptwriting by any means, however. He had penned half a dozen or so unproduced scripts, including three original ideas and a few *Combat* TV episodes and one *Man From UNCLE* script that was kept by the show's producers "as kind of a collector's item because it was so off the wall." Recalling his early writing efforts, Spielberg is quite philosophical. "I just don't have the interest to go back and resurrect the old work."

After *Jaws* became the most profitable picture of its time, Spielberg was able to launch the film project of his choice. In a characteristic show of both integrity and ingenuity, he picked out a project that had been sitting on a shelf since 1972 . . . *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*. A top secret project from its inception, *CE3K* proved an arduous production to helm. After two years and countless headaches, it made its debut in the fall of 1977 in New York City. Within hours, there were lines of would-be *CE3K* boosters around the block.

Today, with his SF extravaganza a solid screen success, Spielberg finds himself surrounded by merchandizing mementos of his own creative ideas. *CE3K* dolls, books, posters and bubble gum cards greet the director whenever he enters a store. "From a businessman's standpoint, I wish the merchandising was a little more imaginative. I wish some of those connect-the-dot books were more challenging—I can do them upside down in my sleep."

The momentous merchandising of *Close Encounters* surprised many Spielberg stalwarts who well remembered the secrecy surrounding the film prior to its release. But Spielberg doesn't see the present flurry of in-store activity and the former shroud of silence as contradictions in terms. "I felt it was very important to keep the mystique of the film back then, to keep the lid on in the country, because who has really seen a UFO? Many Americans claim to have seen them, but another 215 million have not. I wasn't anxious to show people what a UFO looked like in June of 1977 when the

movie wasn't coming out until that November."

In the midst of the current marketing mania, Steven is proud of two projects that promise to be "different" than the rest. One, according to Spielberg, is a "sort of high-resolution coffee table book that's being done right now by Tom Durwood for Ariel Books. I'm also supervising the writing of a highly technical book about how the picture was made from a special-effects standpoint, which won't be coming out until the winter and will be \$1.95 in paperback. It's coming so late after the movie," he laughs, "I'm sure it's only going to be bought by schools, libraries and a few SF aficionados. I'll be lucky to sell 500 copies."

Following two "straight" film projects, *After School* (a look at the pre-teen lifestyle inspired by Truffaut's *Small Change*) and *1941* (a comedy about a false attack on Pearl Harbor), Steven plans on returning to the world of science fiction in a collaborative effort with fellow fantasy maven George Lucas. "We decided that we wanted to work together, and it was just a matter of time before we did," he explains. "Now that we *are* working together, we're pretty much keeping it under wraps. We're not going to say too much about it beyond the fact that he'll produce and I'll direct the movie."

Also under wraps is the *Close Encounters* sequel, which has a working title of *CE4K*. Spielberg is definitely committed to writing and producing it, but whether his schedule will permit him to direct it as well is still an open question.

One thing there's *no* question about is Spielberg's position in the Hollywood heirarchy these days. He's achieved that most-difficult-of-all winning combinations—commercial success and critical acclaim. As a result, he now enjoys a degree of autonomy almost unparalleled in motion-picture history. In fact, after only three features, serious film magazines now consider "The Cinema of Steven Spielberg" to be a legitimate field of study.

Characteristically, Spielberg views himself in a slightly less pompous light. As a matter of fact, his biggest unfulfilled ambition would probably stun a lot of movie sophisticates. "What I'd really like to do," he says with relish, "is interview a fantasy filmmaker, submit it to Forry Ackerman, and have it published in *Famous Monsters of Filmland*. I still subscribe to that magazine. To be there as the *subject* of an article is one thing, but to be there as an *author* of an article is entirely different. Now *that* would be something." ★

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SPECIAL TV UPDATE

Buck Rogers

The tremendous interest in science fiction generated in the wake of *Star Wars* has made possible a new round of big-budget SF productions. Some of the most exciting work is currently being done at a creative television-production factory at California's Universal Studios. Here, Glen Larson and his crew have been toiling for months on a phantasmagoric project called *Battle Galactica* as well as a second, equally spacey offering, *Buck Rogers*.

Based on the classic comic book hero of the 1930s, the *Buck Rogers* TV production is currently being helmed by co-writers Larson and Leslie (The Outer Limits) Stevens and is considered, in many circles, to be the apple of NBC's eye for the fall season. If not for Larson's and Stevens' involvement, stalwart *Buck* may not have made it to the TV screen this coming season, or any season for that matter.

The initial attempt to revive *Buck Rogers* began in the summer of 1977 and ran into problems immediately. Larson and Stevens became interested in the project after a script by the Fenaday Brothers (also at Universal) floundered. Larson and his *Galactica* group (including *Star Wars*' John Dykstra) were busy preparing their TV space battle epic when the news of the *Buck Rogers* project floated in. Not long after that, a totally enthusiastic Larson and Stevens penned a script and chose a team of experts, different from *Galactica*'s crew, to help bring *Buck Rogers* to the tube. David Garber and Wayne Smith were recruited to supervise the special effects and put together the necessary pre-production work which was required for a project of this scope and imagination.

The creative television team decided to basically update the classic *Buck Rogers* story, now considered a part of American folklore. According to the original tale, Buck is an ace pilot who's

STARLOG'S Fall TV Preview, providing you with the latest in video offerings, was compiled by David Hutchison, Carl Macek, Richard Meyers, Ed Naha and Robin Snelson.



Art: © Wm. Stout 1978

Above: Artist William Stout chose to illustrate the moment when the mutated inhabitants of Chicago turn on their visitor, Buck Rogers, and his robot pal.

trapped in a freak accident. Caught up in a vicious twist of fate, Buck's life span is extended 500 years through suspended animation. Becoming a futuristic Rip Van Winkle, Buck wakes up in an Earth society totally alien to his lifestyle. Yet for all the strangeness, there are enough qualities of classic humanity present to unite Buck with his new-found fellow Earthlings. Far in the future, there remains enough courage, hate, treachery, suspicion and blind faith to make Mr. Rogers feel right at home.

In the initial telefilm, Buck (Gil Gerard) is an astronaut who blasts off from Cape Canaveral in 1987. Encountering gaseous cometary debris in space, he is effectively flash-frozen and knocked into a solar orbit that returns him to Earth 500 years later. In the 25th Century, however, humanity is quite alien to Rogers' way of thought. The elite live in post-holocaust domed cities and the less fortunate mutants roam the outside world.

Buck is plucked out of orbit by a starcruiser and finds himself suspected of treason and espionage by both humans and alien representatives of the Galactic Empire. The Earthlings and the aliens are attempting to form a peaceful alliance. Much to Buck's horror, however, he discovers that the alliance is just a ploy by the aliens, part of a plan allowing them to take over the Earth. Escaping from the cities, Buck and his two faithful androids, Twiki and Theo, attempt to stop the alien invasion single-handedly.

With production of the first of three proposed Buck telecasts nearing completion, the second is now being scripted. It involves Buck's chagrin when it is discovered that his 500-year-old blood, which has survived centuries of radiation, contains valuable antibodies long bred out of the human race.

Unlike many space fantasies, the majority of characters seen on *Buck Rogers* will be of the decidedly human variety. Occasionally, wild creatures will be included to spice up situations. Ardalla's bodyguard, for instance, is a Tigerman who sports a fairly wicked, feline countenance.

As Wayne Smith put it: "The only way that I can describe what we are trying to accomplish is to call *Buck Rogers* 'a trip through a futuristic Emerald City.' "

Art: Denise Watt Geiger



Denise Watt Geiger's paintings, like the one above, were the basis of animated sequences in *Nova*'s "The Final Frontier" episode, about the future in space.

Nova

The new season of *Nova*, the excellent science program produced by WGBH/Boston, will not begin until next January. However, the repeat schedule begins in October following two months off the air. In case you missed the two-part series on the space program aired last January, you'll get another chance during the weeks of October 11 and October 18.

Producer Graham Chedd salutes the past and future of the space program with "One Small Step" and "The Final Frontier." The programs were originally aired in conjunction with the 20th anniversary of the first successful American space launch.

"One Small Step" is a retrospect of the first 20 years of the space program, from Explorer I to Apollo-Soyuz, with the main emphasis on the manned spaceflight program. Film footage is used to good advantage and the historical perspective on our accomplish-

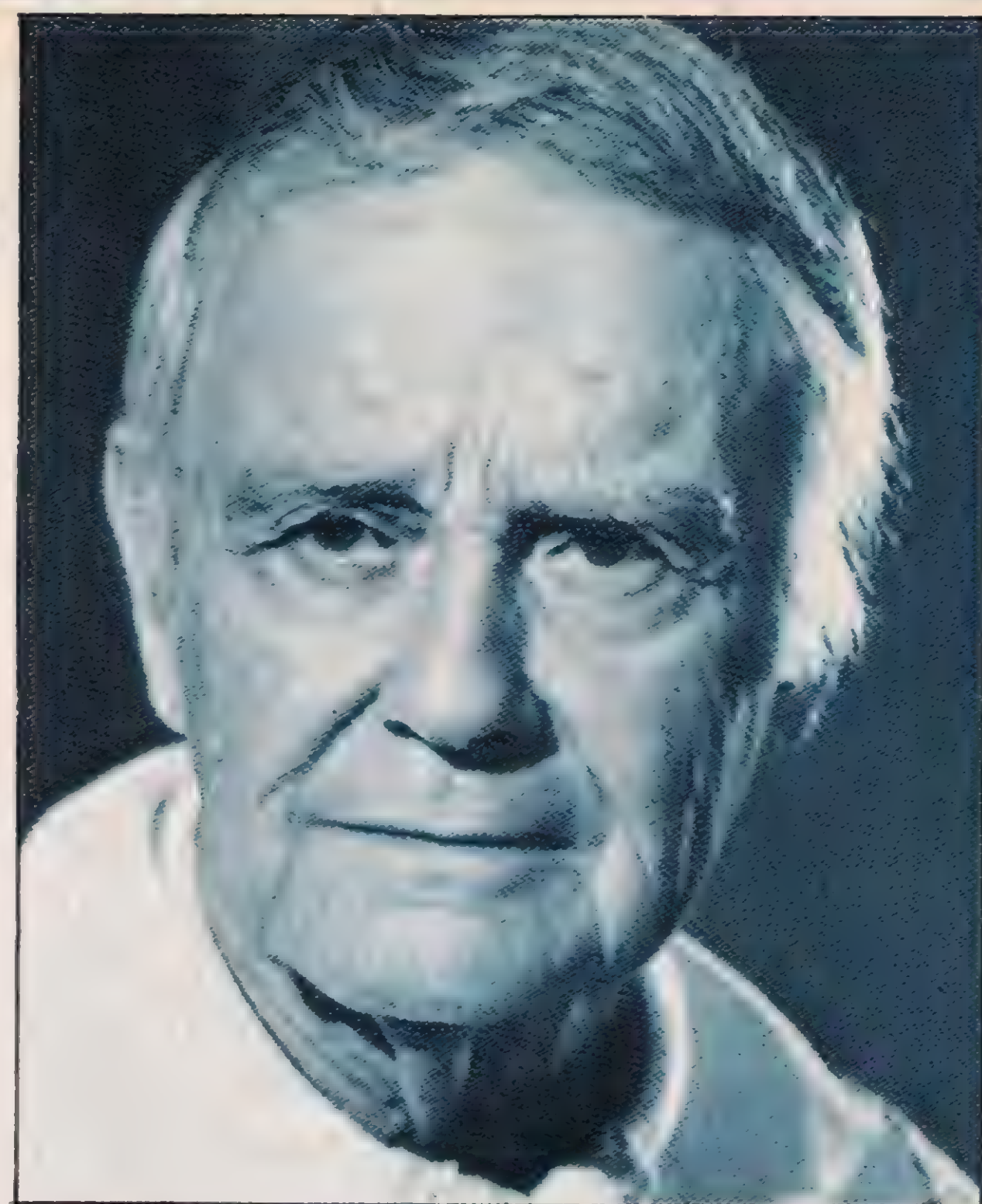
ments to date in space is invaluable.

"The Final Frontier" picks up where the first show leaves off, with discussions of future space ventures. *Nova* explores the concepts of Dr. Gerard K. O'Neill, space colony proponent, and Dr. Peter Glaser, inventor of the solar power satellite. Excellent computer animation sequences demonstrate construction techniques for building large structures in space, mass driver reaction engines and solar power satellites. Interviews with Dr. O'Neill, Dr. Glaser and Dr. Henry Kolm (the MIT professor studying the mass driver concept) provide a comprehensive look at space settlement scenarios, while interviews with NASA officials point out the space agency's new commitment to space industrialization.

Both programs are well paced, visually interesting and packed with valuable information for even the most casual of space buffs.



A gleaming Cylon Centurian strides forward with news of war against humankind.



Lew Ayres as Pres. Adar of the 12 Colonies.



Ray Milland as the self-seeking Sire Uri.

All photos: © 1978 ABC, Inc.

Battlestar Galactica

A BC's *Battlestar Galactica* premieres on Sunday, September 17 at 8 p.m. Canadian readers have already had the opportunity to view the film version in their local theaters. America audiences should relax with the knowledge that the TV version will include scenes deleted from the theatrical release. The TV premiere will be three hours long, to be followed weekly by two two-hour episodes with one-hour episodes thereafter.

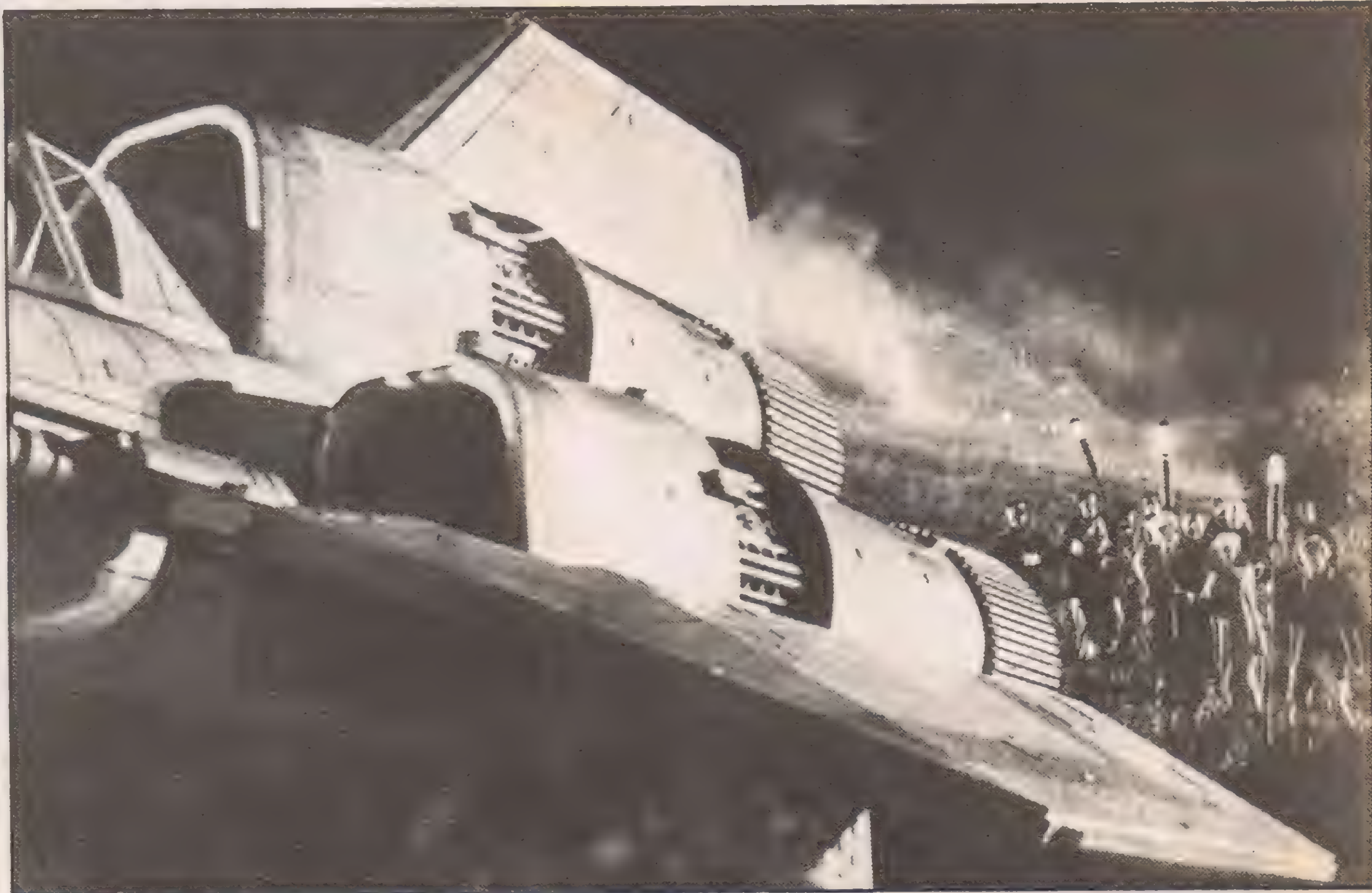
The story opens at the end of a thousand-year war between the Twelve Colonies of humankind and the treacherous Cylons. The Cylons have asked for peace, so the representatives of the Twelve Colonies, the battlestar war fleet and the Cylons have to come to Caprica to sign treaties. The ceremonies are interrupted by a surprise Cylon attack—the promise of peace was just a ruse. The fleet, the Twelve Colonies, and most of humankind are annihilated. One battlestar, the *Galactica*, survives. Lorne Greene as Commander Adama must collect what is left of humanity, elude the Cylons and search for food, fuel and a new home beyond the enemy's grasp before starvation and mutiny complete the Cylon's evil work. ★



Jane Seymour as Sirena the Caprican, ideal of beauty.



Left: Intent on wiping out the human "pest," Cylon Centurians have created an exotic "flytrap" in the form of a tourist casino on the planet Carillon. Carillon offers what appears to be refuge for the desperate and starving ragtag fleet of survivors under Commander Adama's charge.



Above: Escape from Caprica after the devastating Cylon attack. Left: A socialator by trade, the gentle Cassiopeia (Laurette Spang) is rescued from an Angry mob by Lt. Starbuck and Captain Apollo. She becomes Athena's rival for Starbuck's affections.



Above: Lorne Greene as Commander Adama must outwit both the evil Cylons and the power-hungry Sire Uri in order to save a small remnant of humanity from annihilation. Here he stands in the Command Core of the Battlestar, *Galactica*.



Left: Noah Hathaway as Boxey beams with pleasure at the sight of his new mechanical pet, Muffit Two. Built to replace Boxey's real daggit killed during the destruction of Caprica, it will assist the few human survivors in the quest for a new home world far from the Cylons.



Above: Lotay, a high-ranking Ovion, gives Sirena (Jane Seymour), Captain Apollo (Richard Hatch) and Lt. Jolly a guided tour of the Ovion mines on Carillon. The human survivors have landed there in search of Tyllium fuel and food. The Ovions seem very eager to supply the humans with whatever they desire—perhaps a bit too eager.

Saturday Morning Fever Includes SF

The NBC television network has announced its kid-vid television lineup for 1978, calling it "Saturday Morning Fever" and using monsters, SF and superheroes as its foundation. Gone will be the dependence on cheaply produced, stolid live-action antics, and in the wake of such TV features as *Flash Gordon* and *The Hobbit* will come more ambitious efforts.

A comic blending of the old and new leads off the schedule. *Yogi's Space Race* is the name and spoofing *Star Wars* is the game. Within the 90-minute program will be three cartoon episodes: "The Buford Files," featuring a laconic bloodhound; "Gallop Ghost," starring Cactus Clem, a 150-year-old spirit who haunts a dude ranch; and the title sequence wherein the "smarter-than-average bear" teams up with other Hanna-Barbera pals for a riotous race through space.

Immediately following will be *The Godzilla Power Hour*, prominently featuring Japan's number-one superstar in cartoon form. Dave Stevens, a California artist and designer of the American incarnation, describes the three stages of Godzilla's development to STARLOG.

"Our first model looked like a dinosaur," he recalls. "We showed him to the network and they said, 'Great!' But then the fellow who owns the rights to Godzilla said, 'He doesn't look enough like an ape.' I couldn't believe he said that. He sent over this big toy so we could see what he thought it should look like, and it did have kind of an ape face. We ended up altering him so that he has flared nostrils and a blunt snout."

Although not as scaly as his film counterpart, the TV monster will be as big, as powerful and have just as bad breath (all true Toho aficionados know that Godzilla has fire breath). Otherwise the stories will all be new.

"None of the monsters he fights on the show are the ones you've seen in the films," Stevens relates. "Thankfully there's no Smog Monster, but they've got a few mythological creatures in upcoming episodes. His first adversary, I think, they're calling the Earth Eater and they fight in San Francisco. There's another episode where he fights himself. I don't know where they came up with that."

Joining the main monster will be the crew of the good ship Calico—Captain Majors, his first mate, a boy and his aunt—who travel around the world with Godzilla's nephew, Godzooky, a

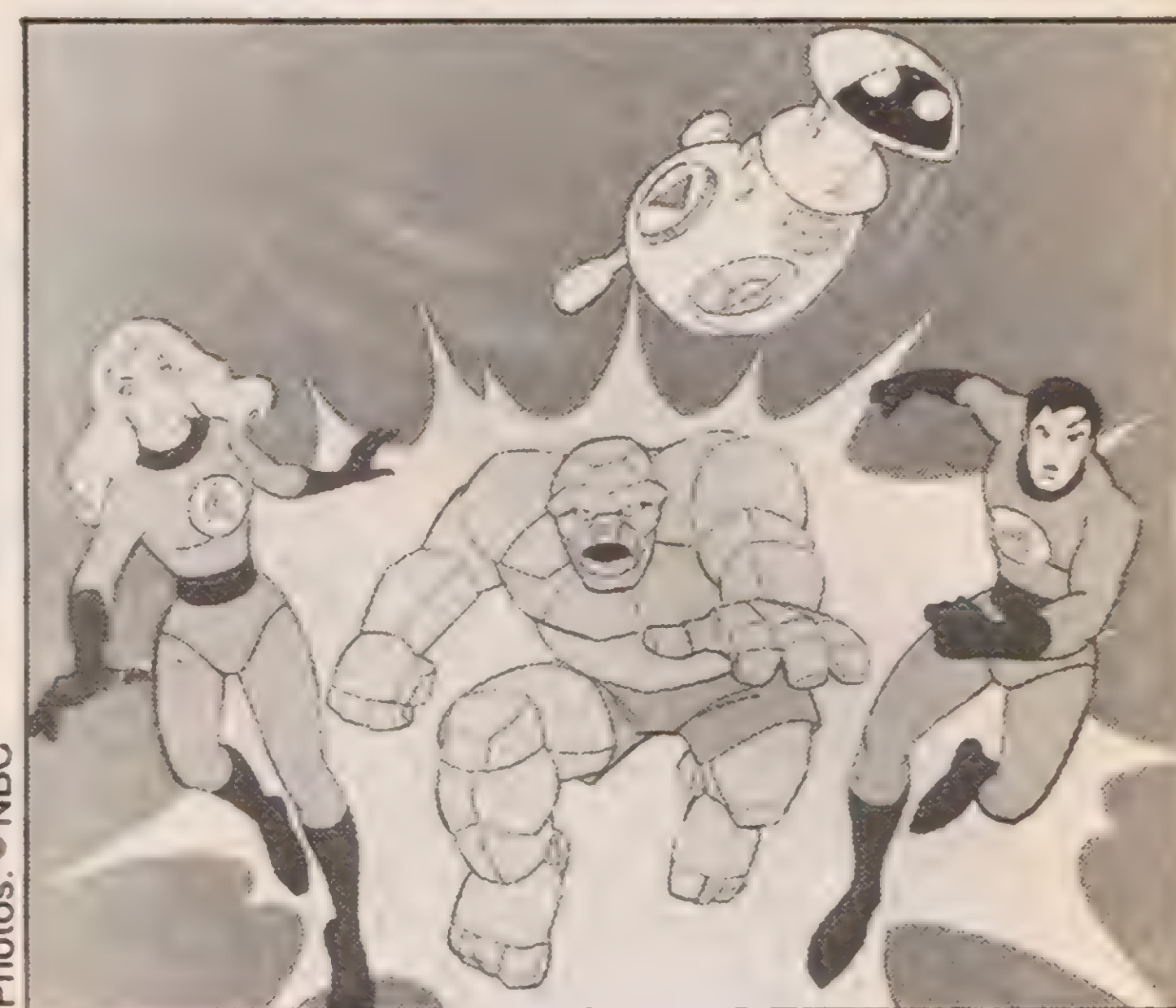


playful little beast who Stevens describes as "kind of like a chicken the size of an elephant." When asked to describe the show itself, he comes up with three sentences. "The scenes I've seen look pretty wild. It's kind of neat. It's a fun show."

Wild, neat and fun could also describe the third NBC contribution to Saturday morning, *The Fantastic Four*. After a rather unsuccessful adaptation to cartoons in the late 1960s, the four are back and DePatie-Freleng, producers of *The Pink Panther*, has them. The success of their rebirth is resting, in no small way, on the father of the "FF," as well as the entire Marvel Comics line, Stan Lee. We went to Mr. Lee for a small preview of coming attractions.

"We're hoping that this show will change the image of animated adventure shows the way we think Marvel Comics changed the image of comic books," Lee said right off. Even for the fellow who created the likes of Spider-Man, Hulk and Dr. Strange, this was quite a statement, especially concerning an industry which highlights *The Grape Ape*, *Kaptain Kool And The Kongs* and *The New Adventures Of Gilligan*.

"They're going to have meaningful dialogue," Lee went on to explain. "And, hopefully, more unusual and exciting visuals. At least that's what we're going for. So much can happen during animation, and then there's the money factor—there's only so much you can do." But everything he can do, he is doing. Almost all the episodes are written by him and Marvel veteran Roy



Photos: © NBC

Left: The magnificent Godzilla as envisioned by Hanna-Barbera, flanked by his nephew Godzooky. Above: De Patie-Freleng's version of *The Fantastic Four*, bursting out of the comics.

Thomas. The storyboards are being drawn by Jack Kirby, a giant of the comic art field.

"This is the first time Marvel itself has been so closely involved in the production of one of its creations," Lee proudly proclaims. "We're hoping it will be a milestone in the field." It would be fitting if *The Fantastic Four* were Marvel's first huge Saturday morning success, since the characters were Lee's first print blockbusters way back in 1962. Then it was Dr. Reed Richards who became the stretchable Mr. Fantastic, Sue Storm who turned into The Invisible Girl, her brother Johnny who could turn into The Human Torch, and Ben Grimm who metamorphosed into The Thing.

Since that time, however, Sue has married Reed and the rights to the Torch were sold to Universal Studios for development along with Spidey, Hulk, Captain America and Ms. Marvel, so certain changes had to be made. "In order to justify calling them The Fantastic Four," Lee explains, "we simply created a cute little robot. He has arms that extend and do various things; he can fly a little bit and he computes like crazy." So Reed, Sue, Ben and Charlie the Robot will be blasting into television history this year. Lee hopes the show will be the first of many quality Marvel cartoon translations.

"I'm very excited about this project," he concludes, "and we're talking to all sorts of people about new series. But I don't want to do them until I see how this one looks finished. We have high hopes." ★

Mandrake the Magician

CAMERA MOVES BACK TO MANDRAKE AND BURNS. Burns cocks his gun. Mandrake touches his amulet and directs one hand at Burns—and a giant eagle (the size of a man) suddenly appears in the sky and swoops past Burns, startling him. The 'eagle' takes another dive at the frightened Burns—who shields his face from the 'dive'—and drops his gun to the tracks in the process."

You may not recognize the face, but the name and the magic are familiar. *Mandrake The Magician*, one of the greatest comic strip characters ever created, has made his way to television for the second time in 25 years. The original 1954 show, like the new incarnation, was based on the Lee Falk stories about a graduate of a Tibetan "college" of magic. It starred Coe Norton as the incredible illusionist and Woody Strode as his faithful African companion Lothar, but lasted only a few months.

Rick Husky, the executive producer and writer of the new, improved magician, hopes for a better fate, even though like-plotted shows like Bill Bixby's *The Magician* didn't exactly pull the ratings rabbit out of a hat. It seems that fictional magic men make the audience disappear. "I think *The Magician's* lack of scope in what he could do was the show's biggest problem," says Mandrake producer Rod Holcomb. "We have a bigger-than-life situation. Our initial concept is to update and put Mandrake in a more contemporary setting.

"So Mandrake is now a contemporary man as well as his side-kick and confidant Lothar. Lothar doesn't wear the leopard skin and fez any longer, he's what he should have been all along—an intelligent individual in his own right. He was an African chieftain so he has a certain amount of presence and he's wearing a three-piece suit. As for Mandrake, he's mysterious, charming and very agile. Anthony Herrera fits the part marvelously."

Herrera, a veteran of the soap operas and a front-running candidate for the *Dr. Strange* role (which Peter Hooten finally secured), has what Holcomb calls "the look." "It lends a feeling that he's more than a simple entertainer or stage magician," the producer elaborates. "Mandrake is associated with an agency—which is not clearly defined—which gives him certain assignments. Therefore, he has a direction and it adds credibility to the spectacular magic."

Mandrake needs all the spectacular magic he can muster when a man dies mysteriously during his Las Vegas performance and Lothar almost winds up, as he puts it, "with steel-belted radials imprinted across my forehead" during the killer's escape. Then it is a roller coaster ride of suspense as a brain-washing blackmailer begins a reign of terror. First, the master mystic is caught in a bullet-filled ambush, then the Miss Golden West pageant is visited by a bomb-toting saboteur. Finally, the target of the extortionist is uncovered—Raymond Arkadian, millionaire, playboy, industrialist and mastermind behind a plan to raise a sunken Russian supersubmarine for the "agency."

The next attack blows the Russian sub explorer ship out of the water, and then things get *really* bad. The villain wants 10 million dollars or else he'll systematically explode everything Arkadian ever owned—including a nuclear reactor! Naturally, it's Mandrake, with the help of Lothar and their female associate, Stacy, who saves the day with a little brains, a little muscle and lots of prestidigitation.

"We're trying to maintain the fun of it, too," stresses Holcomb. "The fun of the tricks. We tried to make all of them a bit unusual. Sometimes you have a barrier of flames rise in front of fleeing people, other times you have a knife turn into a snake which wraps around a pipe, handcuffing the villain."

All of which brings up a topic near and dear to the hearts of superhero fans everywhere. How were those magic tricks created? "Special effects," says the man. "Some opticals which were simple in design but rather spectacular in their final form. *Special* special effects were mainly in the optical camera after filming was over. And filming went very smoothly."

However, it seems that Mandrake's move from the Universal film vaults to network presentation may be less than easy. "NBC's position is: 'Let's see what Fred Silverman does,'" Holcomb reports. "Already he's changed some of its prior decisions. The point is we've got to get him to look at *Mandrake*. But Mr. Silverman is no slouch. He can counterprogram the very best. He's the man and we think *Mandrake* is going to be right down his alley."

Whatever the programming outcome, whether *Mandrake The Magician* appears in September or January,



Mandrake The Magician

Two-hour pilot for television filmed at Universal Studios and on location. Screenplay by Rick Husky, based on the comic strip character created by Lee Falk. Executive Producer Rick Husky. Director Harry Falk.

Mandrake	Anthony Herrera
Stacy	Simone Griffeth
Lothar	Ji-Tu Cumbuka
Alec Gordon	Hank Brandt
Raymond Arkadian ..	Robert Reed
Jennifer Lindsay	Gretchen Corbett
Cutter	Ron Rondell
Theron	James Hong
Mandrake's father ..	James Veres
William Romero	Peter Haskell
Clyde Benton	W.T. Zacha
Dr. Nolan ..	Harry Blackstone, Jr.

on NBC or another network, Holcomb, Husky and Herrera are sure they've mounted the most entertaining pilot possible. Adding fuel to that feeling is the presence of such acting pros as Robert Reed, Gretchen Corbett and Peter Haskell, such professional magicians as Harry Blackstone, Jr. and the musical talents of composer Elmer (*The Ten Commandments*) Bernstein.

"We have all the elements for it to be quite a winner," Holcomb said proudly. "It's going to be quite delightful, I think."

"JENNIFER gives him a sexy, willing smile. Mandrake gestures—and she vanishes. MANDRAKE (to audience): 'Will wonders never cease?' AUDIENCE applauds and appreciates. MANDRAKE (bows, holds up his hand for quiet): 'Thank you again for being such a wonderful audience. But if you'll excuse me, I just made a dinner date and I don't feel it's proper to keep a lady waiting.' The magician gestures, snaps his fingers, and—vanishes. AUDIENCE applauds and—fade out."

Photo: © 1978 NBC



Above: Life in the future—TV style. Tom John designed the set with an assembly line in mind.

Brave New World

Aldous Huxley, the internationally famous author, brought his readers on a fabulous journey to a bleak and humorless world way back in 1932. A world where all children are born in bottles and already categorized for life. A world where the same children are adjusted to a rigid caste system by night. A world where happiness is packed into Soma, a drug that makes their world go round.

This was the *Brave New World*, and now the trend-setting, highly-acclaimed book is becoming a "novel for television," adapted by Jacqueline Babbín of Universal Studios. "The mini-series form is perfect," said one NBC executive, the network which plans to air the four-hour production. "It's finally making possible a dramatization of one of the greatest novels of all time for a nationwide audience."

"Robert E. Thompson's script is a remarkable adaptation of the book," producer Babbín echoed, "because it's not about space travel, it's not about violence, it's about people. I think that's the reason there's so much excitement about it."

That self-same excitement has led to several erroneous reports concerning the telefilm, the first of which declared that the new production would be played as a comedy, rather than a blackly humorous drama. "We're not planning to do it as a comedy," Babbín replied. "What we're doing is the book and the book is very funny. I mean, we're not doing something that did not exist before."

"People make the mistake of thinking that *Brave New World* is *Star Wars* or *1984* or any of those other things.

Brave New World

A four-hour NBC "Novel For Television." Produced by Jacqueline Babbín. Adapted by Robert E. Thompson from the novel by Aldous Huxley. Production Design by Tom H. John. Director of Photography: Harry Wolf A.S.C. Directed by Burt Brinkerhoff.

Dr. Thomas Grahmbell	Keir Dullea
Bernard Marx	Bud Cort
John Savage	Kristofer Tabori
Mustapha Mond	Ron O'Neal
Linda Lysenko	Julie Cobb
Helmholtz Watson	Dick Anthony Williams
Lenina Disney	Marcia Strassman

But it's totally unique, original and itself—like nothing else. The reason articles are calling it comedy is that NBC doesn't like to use the word 'satire.' They think it scares audiences off, but in essence, that is what the book is, and when you play satire straight, it is very funny. And we're playing it absolutely straight."

Ms. Babbín is aided in this endeavor by screenwriter Thompson, whose credits include *The Trial Of Lee Harvey Oswald* and *Francis Gary Powers: The U-2 Incident*, and director Burt Brinkerhoff, who helmed such situation comedies as *Rollergirls* and *The Betty White Show*. Together they fashioned a futuristic adventure into the realms of emotion control, retaining Huxley's wit but using the latest scientific and dramatic advancements as well.

"Huxley was remarkably accurate

in 1932 about the future," Babbín admired. "His book took place in 600 A.F.—After Ford (Henry, that is)—and we're practically there now in most aspects of living, relationships, etc. I made only one big change for dramatic reasons—I started the story 20 years earlier than Huxley had so I could concurrently show the life stages of Bernard and John (the two young leads).

"We've updated Huxley in two ways," she continued. "First, babies no longer come out of bottles, they come out of bags. So you can see one boy in his prenatal baggie as you follow the other's birth. Second, we've come up with a language the, quote, kids will like, unquote, though I'm never sure whether the 'kids' are six or 60."

In this world gone comfort and conformity crazy, one doesn't watch movies; rather, one goes to "computopics." Kids are given lessons in "nature nausea." Henry Ford is worshipped as a deity and instant gratification of any kind is immediately available.

"The story follows Huxley's very, very definitely," Babbín stressed. "The important thing to me is that the star of this show is the book. It's *Brave New World*, it's a classic, it's taught in schools, and it's a marvelous piece of writing with humor and excitement to it.

"I respect the book enormously. Before accepting this project I reread it again because there were so many rip-offs. I had to make sure it stood on its own." Babbín thought about her labor of love for a moment, then added, "And it does." ★

Project U.F.O.

For the NBC television network, which is presently running third in the ratings race, the secret phrase for last season was "U.F.O." The Sunday-night series, *Project U.F.O.*, was their only consistent winner, several times coming in number one overall, and always possessing the "best demographics" of any show, old or new. That is, the science-factual series was seen by the widest age group and had the most "buying power."

This Jack Webb production chronicles the efforts of two Air Force men to explain the incredulous U.F.O. sightings around the country while working for the military's "Project Blue Book." Like Webb's other famous programs, *Dragnet* and *Adam-12*, individual shows are tenuously based on actual files. This realism is further supplemented by *U.F.O.* producer William T. Coleman, an ex-Blue Book investigator.

The show's stars, William Jordan and Caskey Swaim, did much to add to the viewing enjoyment with their easy-going camaraderie and good humor. However, with the coming of the new season, most of *Project U.F.O.*'s initial groundwork will be changed. The plots will be similar, the SFX will still be in ample evidence, but the stars and broadcast night will be different.

Jordan, who enacted the role of Major Jake Gatlin, has bowed out of the series to concentrate on his film work, the latest being *The Buddy Holly Story*. Replacing him will be Edward Winter, known to viewers of *M*A*S*H* as Colonel Flagg and *Soap* watchers as Congressman McCallum.

In story terms, Gatlin is being bumped up to a Pentagon post and replaced by Captain Ben Ryan, a Viet Nam veteran and astrophysics graduate. Swaim's role remains the same, though for realism purposes, his character, Staff Sergeant Harry Fitz, will become a technical sergeant.

In the meantime their sky-watching exploits have been switched to Thursdays from eight till nine p.m. What they see will be familiar to dedicated fans. The first new episode is "The Academy Incident," where the only girl at a newly coed military academy buzzes a restricted area while chasing a U.F.O. Not surprisingly, this not only interests our heroes but causes previously disguised male resentment



Above: The one that will not change about NBC's *Project U.F.O.* is the abundance of flying saucers, like the one threatening this house from last season.



Photos: © NBC



Above: UFOs aren't all, however. New aliens will make the scene, too, all investigated by (left) Caskey Swaim and new star, Edward Winter.

TV Update continues on p. 44

at the school to rise.

Soon after, audiences will be treated to "The Underwater Incident" in which a U.F.O. plunges beneath the waves and terrorizes cruise passengers,

and "The Pipeline Incident" about Alaskan sightings. As far as NBC is concerned, *Project U.F.O.* means Close Encounters of the Profitable Kind every week.

Man Of Light & Vision

Ralph McQuarrie

McQuarrie first gave visual expression to George Lucas' ideas for Star Wars; 21 of those paintings are making publishing history in the Star Wars Portfolio. He has performed similar feats of interpretation for Battlestar Galactica, Close Encounters, Star Trek—The Motion Picture, and has been asked to contribute to practically every major science-fiction project in the world—most of which he has had to turn down, because he's hard at work on Star Wars II. Yet two years ago, his name was unknown to the public and the movie industry.

By DAVID HOUSTON

Ralph McQuarrie's *Star Wars* paintings have shown him to be rare, if not unique, among illustrators. They demonstrate his ability to take verbal ideas and express them visually with such precision, such fidelity to scale, perspective, color and mechanical detail that they can be literally copied by the art directors and producers who convert them into live-action footage. Changes were made from paintings to screen treatment for *Star Wars*, but the changes were necessitated by budget and story considerations, not because the paintings were merely vague impressions of a forthcoming cinematic image.

Further, McQuarrie utilized such an extensive storehouse of his own knowledge that he actually served as pre-production designer—taking over many of the tasks of art director. He admits, for instance, that, "I actually designed the sandcrawler. R2D2 was my concept. Darth Vader was my concept. And the white stormtrooper costume was mine; George wanted a white costume, but that's about all he said."

Even further, his paintings contain all the drama of a director's storyboard. Of the painting that shows the enormous planet of Yavin, with tiny glowing dots of fighters leaving to battle the *Death Star* and a sentry on a



Art: © 1977 Ballantine

tower, McQuarrie says, "Well, the effect I was trying to get was one of awe-inspiring grandeur."

But his personal philosophy colors all of this in an unexpected way: "Today, my whole philosophy is that life goes by, and it doesn't really make a lot of difference what we do. It doesn't matter to me—or to you. The world will experience what I do or don't do, and that's all we get. If I'm excited about a given thing, and I'm able to do something about it—it doesn't matter."

"If it wasn't my set of drawings for *Star Wars* that got people excited, it would have been somebody else's. A lot of people could have done them. I happened to be available and capable of doing the stuff when it was needed—and I did it. It's just a big happening."

"I am happier now than I was before I started working on *Star Wars*. I was happy before, but this is a bigger deal. It's more exciting, and . . . more."

But as McQuarrie discusses his life, career and work habits, more ambivalent attitudes emerge. He leaves the impression of a generous, lonely, busy, humble, self-satisfied, brilliant man.

McQuarrie was born in Gary, Indiana, in 1929. The Depression forced his parents to hit the road, and they settled on the farm of his grandparents near Billings, Montana, where they lived until he was 10.

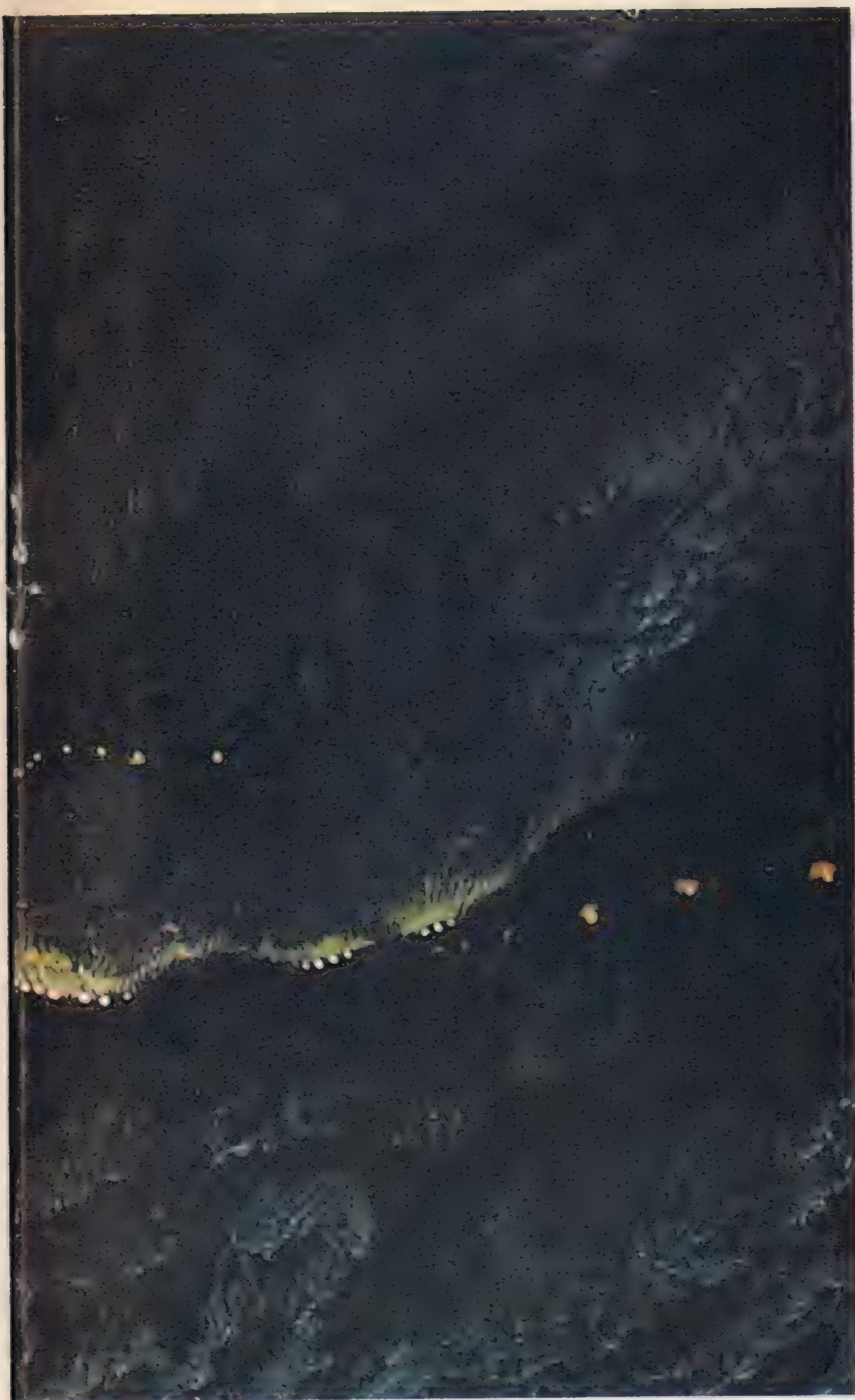
"I had fun with the neighborhood kids exploring caves around Billings—and the airport. I learned to love airplanes at that time. Biplanes were still flying. That was a time when the Air Force was flying around to keep people interested in their projects. These things impressed me tremendously."

"I bought model airplanes and put them together. I was never taken up in a plane until I was old enough to buy my own ticket. I think it would have frightened me anyway. The thrill of going on a roller coaster was okay, but mostly I was a physical coward. The visual experiences were fulfilling, and I was very happy."

It was distinctly machinery—man-made objects—that fascinated him most. "In the years that have gone by, I have contemplated the possibility that it's not a very valid thing to be fascinated with. Almost all of our machine enterprises have been negative. They take away from us the business of just living with our hands, walking places and experiencing our lives. I don't think it's right to put yourself at the mercy of a machine that takes away something of you every time you use it."

"I'm really split on the issue. I'm about fifty percent emotionally attached to the wonder of machines, the kind of magic, visual quality they have."

Above: McQuarrie's cover for *The Best Of Jack Williamson* from Ballantine. Right: Rendering for the original *Star Wars* novel.



Above right: From *Battlestar Galactica*, Cylons destroy the battlestar fleet.

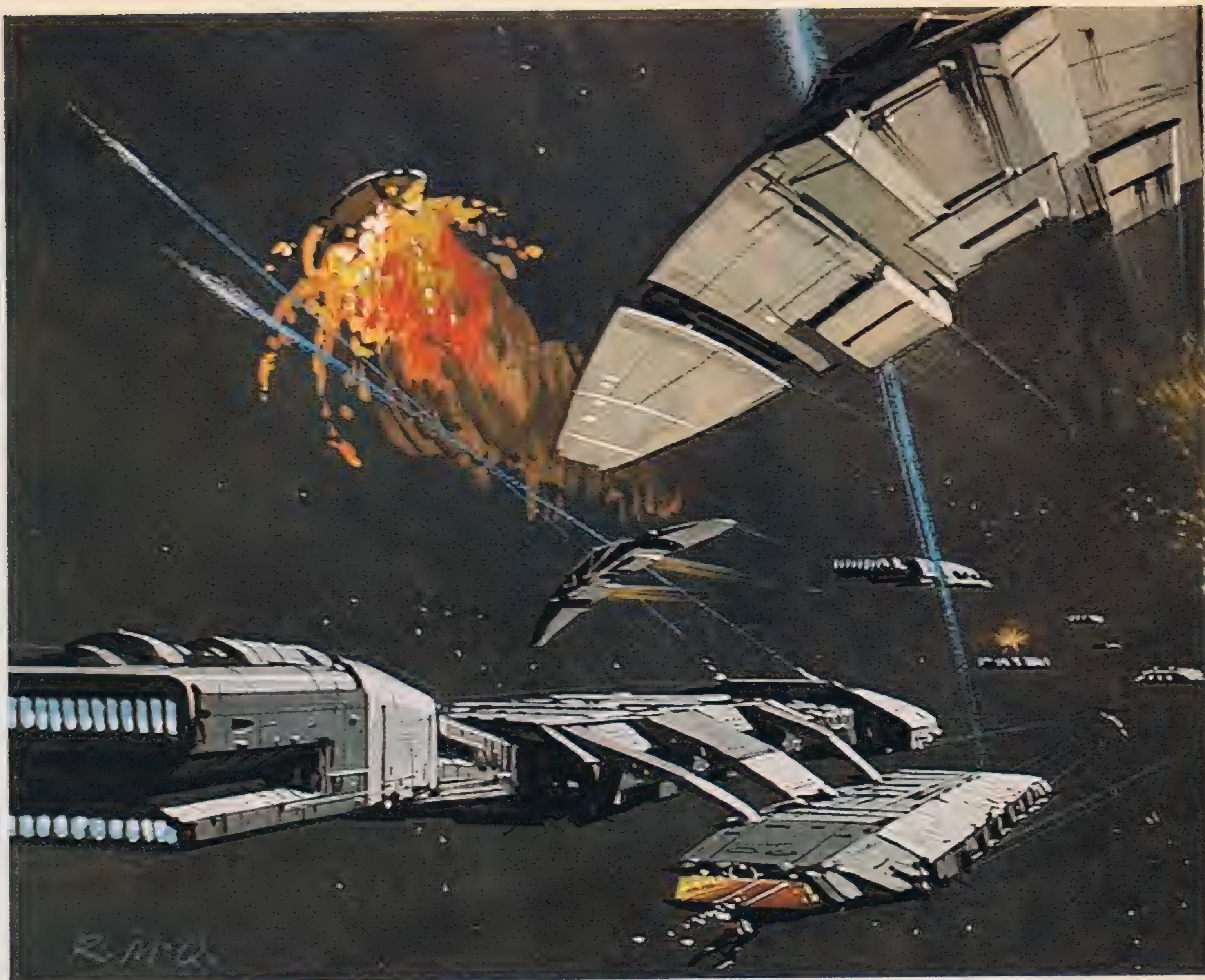
because they knew I was competent, and said, 'Why don't you come back to work?' I went to work for the aircraft industry again, doing illustrations of helicopters, electronic equipment, soldiers, aircraft firing rockets . . . and during that time Sputnik had gone off and we were building missiles and so forth. It was a very good era for people like me. They were hiring almost anybody who could hold a pencil. Some of the work was junky, but I hadn't a clue as to what else I wanted to do.

"Eventually I got sick of the night work and all the schematic drawings I was having to do. Someone came to me and offered me another job, so I went to work for Litton Industries. I worked off and on for this and that company, and between times I dreamed about my own style, night life, read books."

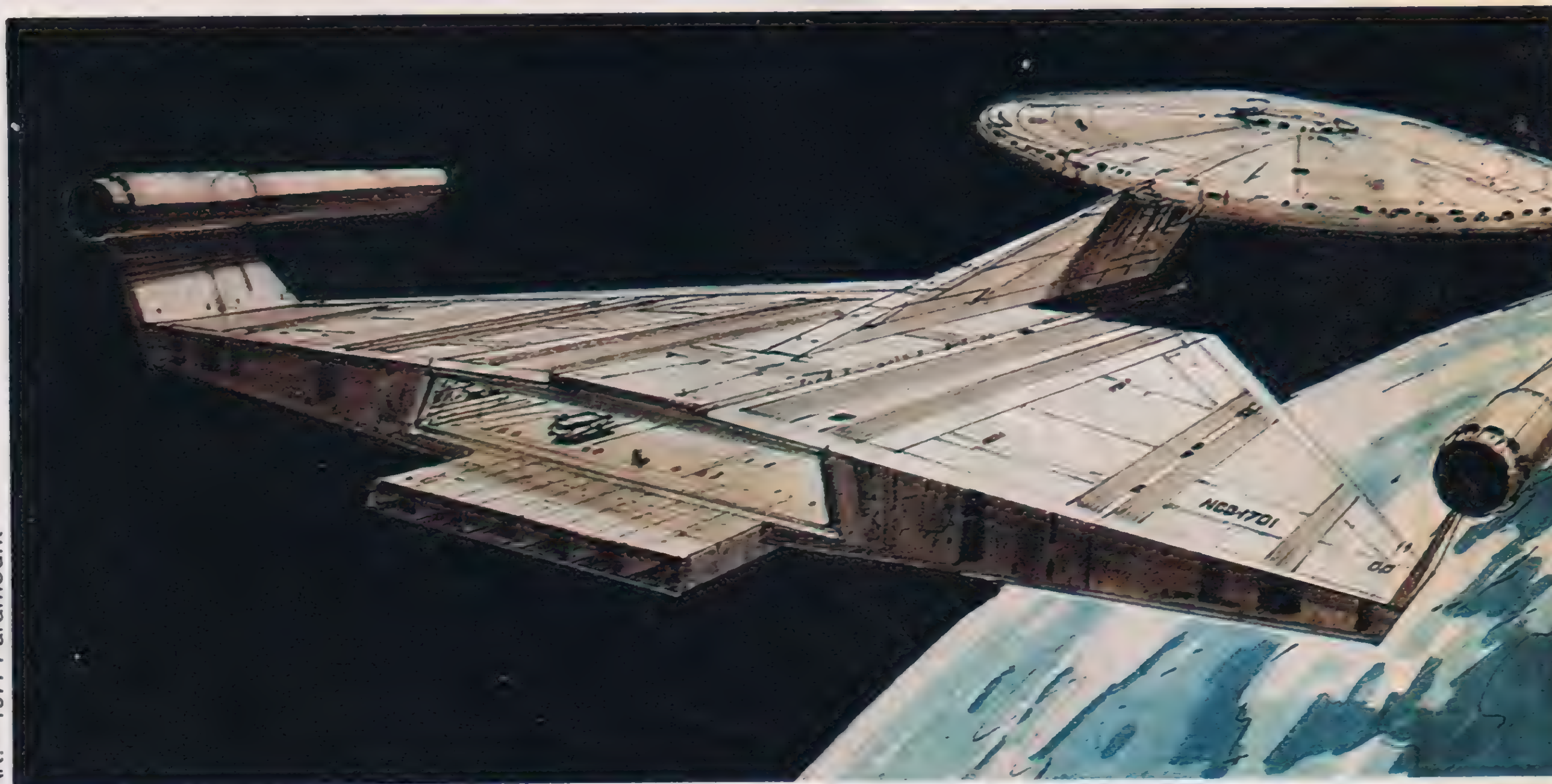
He was working for Boeing again, in Seattle, in 1968, "where I did a lot more illustration, and even though a lot of it was aircraft again, I was painting more and getting some experience with human figures and landscapes."

With another move, back to L.A. in 1969, he landed a job on the Apollo project at CBS. "That was really my intro-

Art: © 1978 Universal



Art: © 1977 Paramount



ABOUT THE POSTER: The special fold-out features some of artist Ralph McQuarrie's pre-production illustrations for *Battlestar Galactica*. Upper left: Ovions scatter before the fighter forces of the *Galactica* as Commander Adama leads a surprise rescue mission on the planet Carillon. Upper right: One of the Battlestar's main docking bays. Lower left: Cylon saucers make good their treacherous sneak attack upon the Twelve Colonies of humanity. Lower right: Twin moons cast their dim light upon the dusty surface of Carillon. The two Viper-craft have been sent down from the *Galactica* carrying the starving remnants of humanity in a desperate search for food and fuel. Note: The poster can be taken out of the magazine for easy mounting or left in to keep your issue complete. To remove—carefully open center staples, gently lift poster out and then reclose the staples.

(Continued on page 70)

All Systems Are Finally Go On . . .

STAR TREK

The Motion Picture



Art: Mike Minor, © Paramount Pictures

Mike Minor's new *Enterprise* design so impressed the bigwigs it's now the ST logo.

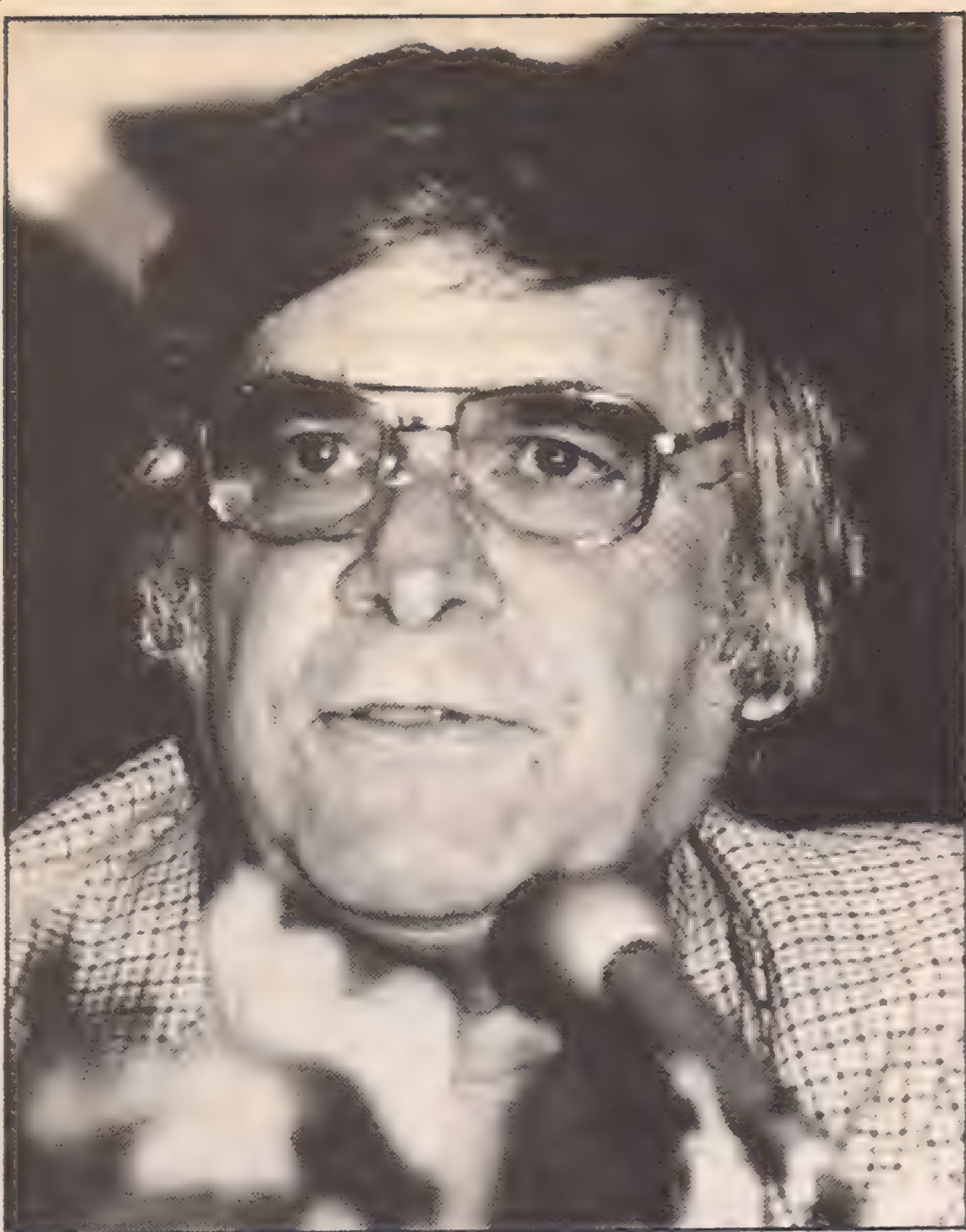
By JOE BONHAM

For all practical purposes, the magical Hollywood of old is dead. The stars have all faded. Most of the studios that haven't turned to TV, amusement parks or hotels are closed down. Dozens of major productions head for Europe each year, where the costs are lower and the problems fewer. Yet, on the present-day Paramount lot, the image of Hollywood past refuses to die. It lingers on its Western streets. It hovers over the man-made ocean sitting unfilled on a

back lot. It sits calmly on the bridge of the new *U.S.S. Enterprise*, just waiting for the cameras to roll . . . for the magic to return. *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* has finally begun.

"The movie will look like *Star Trek*, but more so," says the tall, silver-haired gentleman hurrying from one sound stage to another. The speaker is Gene Roddenberry, creator of the original *Trek* series and producer of the film. Roddenberry has labored for more than five years to launch this new *Trek* endeavor and, despite numerous setbacks, is as eager and energetic on

this hot August day in 1978 as he was when he first envisioned the show fifteen years ago. Since Paramount's unveiling of the *Trek* film nearly six months back, Roddenberry has had more than his share of frustration. Sets for the *Enterprise* were designed, re-designed, then re-designed again. Scripts were written, then re-written *ad infinitum*. Shooting schedules were pushed back from month to month. For Roddenberry, however, everything has been worth it. "The work will pay off," he beams. "It will show on the screen."



STARLOG INTERVIEW

On a sultry August afternoon, a section of Paramount Pictures' massive studio complex is transported into the future. Work is beginning on Star Trek—The Motion Picture. As hasty rewrites and set alterations are done, producer/creator Gene Roddenberry takes time to share his Star Trek dream with the readers of STARLOG.

"With the amount of delineation present on the widescreen, we had to take our original concepts from the original *Star Trek* sets and upgrade them enormously," he says, explaining the delay in set construction. "There are things that you wouldn't see or wouldn't pay attention to while watching *Trek* on TV that, on a wide-screen, you couldn't help but notice. Everything has got to be perfect."

"The new *Enterprise* will be sleeker, more complex. Outwardly, it will still resemble the old ship, but with a difference. We're going into extreme detail on models (courtesy of the designers at Magicam) with almost microscopic precision so that when you see the vessel it will look like a *real* vessel on screen. We'll even have small, human figures present during scenes involving Earth orbit so you can really get the feel of the *enormous* size of the *Enterprise*."

Clearly, producer Roddenberry and director Robert Wise have high hopes of creating the ultimate *Star Trek* world. "You'll even get a brief glimpse of Earth during this time period. That's something we've never attempted before," Roddenberry states.

The longtime TV denizen thinks that the film, boasting a still top-secret plot line, will live up to the expectations of series fans. "We're going to show everything we couldn't show before," the producer explains. "You'll see a lot more of the inside of the *Enterprise*, for instance. We're planning one scene where you see one vast interior shot. On TV, we were pretty much limited to showing just corridors and elevators. That's really as much as we could afford to shoot. Now, we're thinking of putting in a recreational area that's three stories high and extends far into

the distance . . . at least a couple of hundred yards.

"We'll show more of the *Enterprise* lifestyle, too." Part of that improved lifestyle will include carefully re-tailored *Enterprise* uniforms. "They're a little different, but we think we've captured the same feeling of paramilitary casualness."

Now that the film is finally lumbering to its feet, with production dribbling to a start the first week in August, Roddenberry's time is carefully divided between creative consultations involving the movie per se and mind-bending meetings concerning more technical topics.

"Because we're really trying to jump ahead three centuries in science in the plot of the film," Gene reveals, "in the making of the film we're really having to jump ahead to the very frontiers of motion picture and optical science today. For example, we'll be using optical effects that will be completely controlled by a computer. In a meeting this morning, for instance, we gave instructions to one of our computer experts to put all of our old warp speeds into computer language so that our actual movements—how we progress towards an object, how we speed past it in space—will be visually and scientifically accurate on the screen. We're dealing with things that no one has ever attempted on a widescreen, one of the topics being, 'What is warp speed?' The computer will help us out on that one, giving us leads to follow, visually."

"We can afford to be more scientifically accurate with this motion picture, both in terms of time and money. We have NASA giving us basic advice and referring us to specialists when we need specific questions answered. We're looking into all the very latest

scientific theories regarding the possibilities of warp speed. Right now we're wondering exactly what it will look like. What changes in structure will the spaceship go through? What will the stars look like as you increase speed?"

Another one of Roddenberry's prime concerns is making sure that the new *Trek's* music matches the visual opulence engineered on screen. To insure that end result, Paramount has turned to Oscar-winning, melodic genius Jerry Goldsmith to score the futuristic adventure, a move which totally delights Roddenberry. "Jerry Goldsmith will begin thinking about the music when he gets the finished script. Then, we'll be having meetings as his musical ideas develop so we can work some of them into the actual shooting of the film. This score will be all new music, but we hope to slide into the old *Star Trek* theme from time to time. We haven't really decided yet."

Before any more questions can be asked, or topics broached, the producer/creator of *Star Trek* is off, quickly covering the distance between sound stages with his long strides. After countless hours of working, dreaming, complaining and planning, *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* is finally a reality. Come hell or high water, *nothing* is going to stop it now. And, if Roddenberry and director Wise have their way, it's going to be a milestone in science-fiction filmmaking—the first of a possible fleet of *Enterprise* adventures. "If *Trek* is a hit," grins Roddenberry as he disappears down one of Paramount's walkways, "we'd love to do a series of films—a regular event. Look at James Bond's films. They've been around since the early sixties."

Look out 007, here comes NCC-1701! ★

FUTURE CONVENTIONS

Here is the latest information on the upcoming conventions. *Star Trek* cons are denoted with (ST), *science-fiction* cons with (SF). Other cons are labeled appropriately. As always, guests and features for most conventions are subject to last-minute changes—for final details check with the person or organization listed. To speed communications, include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. *Conventioners, Please Note:* To insure that we receive all pertinent information regarding your con in time to list it in the calendar, STARLOG must receive the information no later than 15 weeks prior to the event.

IGUANACON (SF)

The Hugo Award Con
Phoenix, AZ

Aug. 31-Sept. 4, 1978

Iguanacón
P.O. Box 1072
Phoenix, AZ 85001

STAR TREK AMERICA (ST)

New York, NY

September 2-4, 1978

Star Trek New York
88 New Dorp Plaza
Staten Island, NY 10306

FANTASY FILM CELEBRATION CON *

Monroeville, PA

Sept. 15-17, 1978

Bob Nichelucci
FFCC
211 Fort Pitt Blvd.
Pittsburgh, PA 15222

PGHLANGE X

Greentree, PA

Sept. 29-Oct. 1, 1978

Barbara Geraud
1202 Benedum-Trees Building
Pittsburgh, PA 15222

SHUTTLECON COLUMBUS (ST)

Columbus, Ohio

Sept. 30-Oct. 1, 1978

Shuttlecraft Columbus
3740 Atkinson Rd.
Columbus, Ohio 43227

ROVACON 3 (SF & ST)

Roanoke, VA

October 6 & 7, 1978

Ron Rogers
P.O. Box 774
Christanburg, VA 24073

PIONEER ONE *

Springfield, Mass

Oct. 21-22, 1978

Pioneer 1
7 Fairview Place
Springfield, Mass 01104

1st BRITISH FANTASY FILM CON

London, England

Oct. 28-29, 1978

Fantasy Film Convention
52 Roydene Road
London SE18 1QA
ENGLAND

*Denotes that convention will include presentation of the STARLOG/FUTURE space art slide show, "Reaching For The Stars." Featuring a music score by Eric Wolfgang Korngold, the show generally accompanies a guest appearance by members of the staff. Convention organizers contact Tom O'Steen to make arrangements.

SPECIAL TV UPDATE

(continued from page 35)

Mork and Mindy

Poor Pam Dawber has a solid kinship with Bill Bixby. Although she doesn't turn into a huge green monster when angered, she does have to contend with the naive machinations of an otherworldly visitor every Monday night next season in ABC-TV's variation on the *My Favorite Martian* theme—*Mork and Mindy*. Ms. Dawber plays the latter character of the title to Robin Williams' strange-walking alien from the planet Ork.

Mork made his first appearance in the aptly titled "My Favorite Orkan" episode of *Happy Days* last year. Richie Cunningham (Ron Howard) was pegged for exportation by a red-garbed outer space nut case who "sat down" by standing on his head, had deep philosophical discussions with plants and zapped a few things with his forefinger.

Although the Fonz won the day and the entire conflict turned out to be a dream sequence, the Mork who turns up on Earth circa 1978 is as real as a situation comedy can be. Only lovely Mindy knows of the crazy kid's identity and observation mission, but in true Bixby style, she goes half crazy herself protecting the secret. Garry Marshall,

creator of *Happy Days*, *Laverne And Shirley* and executive producer of this SF item, formulated the series idea after Williams elicited unprecedented howls from the studio audience during his initial appearance.

The young comedian/actor comes from several years of making people laugh in clubs and on TV. Born in Scotland and raised in the U.S., Williams scored during his first year of professional performing at the Great American Music Hall, The Boardinghouse, The Comedy Store and The Ice House. Success there brought him to the attention of television producers which in turn led to his appearance on shows like *Laugh-In* and *The Great American Laugh-Off*. Such experience will serve him well, since the success or failure of *Mork And Mindy* rests squarely on his inventive shoulders.

Sharing the burden are Ms. Dawber (who recently appeared in Robert Altman's new film, *A Wedding*, and ABC's pilot, *Sister Terri*) and producers Dale McCraven and Bruce Johnson. Only time will tell whether Mork can "ork out" NBC's *Little House On The Prairie* and CBS's new *People* show. Dedicated alien watchers, take note. ★



Photo: © ABC

Above: From the producers of *Happy Days* comes *Mork And Mindy*, starring Robin Williams as a fun-loving alien and Pam Dawber as the Earthling.



STARLOG INTERVIEW

JOE HALDEMAN

AND THE SF ALTERNATIVE

Writer Joe Haldeman has won both the coveted Hugo and Nebula awards for his portrayals of futuristic warriors immeshed in intergalactic intrigue. The source for his SF excursions into space, however, was a decidedly earthbound war.

By ERIC MARCH

I suffer a little," smiles the young man with the mustache, "at the hands of people who say that because I make my living being entertaining, my work has no social consciousness. I think that's a very naive view of science fiction."

The speaker is Joe Haldeman, the Nebula and Hugo award-winning author of *All My Sins Remembered*, *The Forever War* and *Mindbridge*. Haldeman is considered, in many circles, to be one of science fiction's brightest new stars. His vivid sense of characterization is regarded as exceptional and his swashbuckling plot-lines are without peer. His is a world of timeless warriors, chameleon-like government agents and telepathic terrors from the stars. For Haldeman, however, the construction of an action-adventure science-fiction theme is only a part of the total SF process.

"All good science fiction is entertaining," he readily concedes. "But I think that science fiction is a serious pursuit. It's not as serious a pursuit as involving yourself in a lifetime of investigating ethics or esthetics but I think, in terms of social consciousness, it's very worthwhile. SF writers are a maverick bunch. We act as a sort of translator of generally liberal political and philosophical ideas for a public that doesn't get them any other way."

Haldeman recently proved his point outright with the publication of the anthology *Study War No More* (St. Martin's Press), a collection of science-fiction tales by a variety of authors which actually offers alternatives to the brutal practice of war. Haldeman came up with the idea for the book a few years back and queried a number of writers, asking the question: "If not war, what else?"

Among the authors who replied, Poul Anderson offered theories of warfare via political assassination, Isaac Asimov sought peace through cybernetic regimentation, Ben Bova saw warfare best suited for surrogate machines, Harlan Ellison envisioned a world-shaping god-beast, Harry Harrison declared war on poverty and Damon Knight brought a visitor from Aquarius to Earth to teach the world a lesson. "All the stories offer food for thought," says Haldeman, and all "are entertaining whether practical or not."

Editing the book was, for Joe, a task he felt *had* to be done. It was during the Viet Nam War that young foot soldier Joseph Haldeman discovered firsthand the horror of war and the subsequent observations that could be funneled into fiction. In the introduction to the book, Haldeman relives his experiences in Nam vividly. Shortly after an enemy shell blew him off his feet, Haldeman found himself surrounded by chaos. Opening his eyes, Haldeman

recalls, was a shattering experience. "You find the green jungle suddenly gray with smoke and crimson with sprayed blood; try to stand up and realize you can't feel your legs; look down to see a femoral artery pumping; try to staunch it with both hands; can't spare a hand to wipe the blood out of your eye; try wiping it on your shoulder, which doesn't help; it's like raw hamburger; holler for a medic and see that your medic is lying beside you with both legs blown off, good friend; his dying screams a delicate threnody in a dull, silent universe."

In the life of SF writer Joe Haldeman, his Viet Nam years provided the catalyst for a style of writing that incorporated a hard-as-nails sense of humanity lifted directly from military experience. "I came back from Viet Nam," Joe recalls, "they give you 30 days leave. I sent out some stories I had written and I sold them. I just kept on selling after that."

Joe pauses for a moment. "Viet Nam certainly gave me subject material. (One novel, *War Year*, was a realistic account of the war.) But, more than that, it opened my eyes to a lot of things. I grew up in a sort of sheltered, suburban upper middle class neighborhood and in the Army I met a class of people that I had never socialized with before. It gave me sort of a parallax and insight to what is constant in human nature and not just instituted by social class. I

“There are a lot of topics that can, and should, be covered in science fiction. If society paid attention to what SF writers were really saying, people would be truly startled.”

found out that the sort of people I had always been afraid of, you know, like garbage men, were really much more similar to me than they were different. It was quite a revelation and I think it's a revelation that a fiction writer has to have sooner or later because you just can't keep writing about the same kind of people."

Joe's military lifestyle crystalized a lot of SF undercurrents that had been building since childhood. "When I was a kid, I read practically nothing but science fiction. When I started writing my stories (still in high school then), it was only natural that I turned to science fiction. Actually, my first stories were very bad and were not SF but murder mysteries. I never sold one of them. Maybe they were awful because I had such contempt for the mystery format. But that seemed easier to write than science fiction, so I did that for a while. When I finally got around to writing science fiction, I began to sell everything."

Joe's SF interest and his soldiering eventually melded, creating some of science fiction's more impressive literary futurescapes. "The structure of the war in *The Forever War*," he reveals, "was patterned after the structure of Viet Nam, from the Tonkin Gulf to withdrawal. In fact, withdrawal was a prediction on my part because I finished the book before we finished the war."

The Forever War's co-educational army was filled with dedicated personnel honed from real-life models, a task that proved to be difficult in light of today's regimented United States Army. "I tried to stay away from stereotypes but, in fact, the real Army, the military life, breeds stereotypes. I think that's a universal trait of the military. You'll find the tough, man-eating sergeant in every culture of the world as well as the effete, overly refined officer who backs off from his actual function—killing people. Whenever I see a John Wayne movie, I see people I knew in the Army. The Army

is such a naive sort of culture, such a low level sort of thing, that they feed on stereotypes, using them as role models. It's life imitating art."

Haldeman's totally human warriors, soldiers who wander blindly through endless conflict, and experience pain and inner turmoil, have earned the author the label of "pessimist" in some literary enclaves. "Some of my work is pessimistic," he admits. "But most of it is cautiously optimistic. A lot of people thought *All My Sins Remembered* (a tale recounting the exploits of a gov-

“Viet Nam certainly gave me subject material . . . it opened my eyes to a lot of things.”

ernment agent who literally, and medically, changes faces from assignment to assignment *ad infinitum*) was overly pessimistic about the human condition. Well, I don't agree. It's a valid point of view. The main thrust of the book, which got buried in the blood and gore, was fairly existential. Fact: a man in our culture and, to some extent, a woman too, when asked 'What are you?' will reply with their profession. Nobody gives it any thought. That's a frightening response to me. Using SF, I was able to make up a character for whom this response is literally true. He is nothing but his profession. He has no personal identity."

Despite his deep concern for the more philosophical concepts found in everyday life and death, Joe does not consider himself an earthmover in a literary sense. "I am not a high-brow writer," he states, "and whatever qualities it takes to become a ground-breaker in American letters . . . well, I haven't recognized them in my work so far. I don't think that I've ever written anything that has been considered experimental, but all of my work has been

odd in one area or another when compared to the SF I grew up on. And," he adds with mock pride, "I was the first person to say 'bullshit' in *Analog* magazine."

In both his original work and his recent novelistic excursion into *Star Trek* territory (*Planet Of Judgment*), Haldeman has garnered praise for his realistic portrayal of ordinary people caught up in extraordinary situations. Their intellectual response to these scenarios often prove the highpoint of the story. Yet, Joe prefers to consider the books as adventure novels, first and foremost. "I think good writers start out with what looks like an interesting situation and then build it around some idea. I think that some of the dullest science-fiction novels around are the ones that are centered around a philosophical point. Once, a writer asked Ernest Hemingway whether a writer should be serious. How important was intent? Hemingway said something to the order that every good writer is a serious writer and a somber writer is nothing but a bloody owl. I think that's a fine distinction. It's valuable. Especially in SF where it's so tempting to get up on a soap box and try to be Jonathan Swift."

Although Joe tries to minimize the effects of his wartime experience a decade ago on his current life and style of fiction, he readily states that it did indeed influence his thought patterns in a host of areas. "Today, I'm very sympathetic to the idea that there are many parallel universes, that a person can live on different planes simultaneously without realizing it. I have a bit of evidence. I believe that I have died and not noticed it."

"The first time was in Viet Nam," he reveals. "I was a combat soldier. We were on a hill that was under intense enemy fire. We were outnumbered and outmaneuvered and they started picking us off. One of us got it every couple of hours from sniper fire. We decided to abandon the hill."

“The structure of the war in The Forever War was patterned after the structure of Viet Nam, from the Tonkin Gulf to withdrawal. In fact, withdrawal was a prediction on my part.”

There was only one side of the hill that wasn't being covered with fire and, fortunately, there was a ledge where a helicopter could land. The helicopter came in and lifted us up one at a time.

“It came my turn. I jumped out from behind cover and ran across the hill. I drew a lot of enemy fire which made me run faster. I jumped into the chopper in the approved manner, which is backing into it with your legs dangling downward so as not to waste time ducking down and all that.

“Now, these helicopters fly with their doors open, but you're pretty safe inside. It's really difficult to fall out. In this case, however, the copter didn't go in the expected ‘up’ direction taking off. It was sitting on the lip of a cliff with a drop of some 1,000 feet. The copter just moved sideways and fell downward, so as to stay in the shadow of the hill and away from the sniper fire. Well, they didn't warn me about this and I was hanging off the edge of this thing when the helicopter moved away from me. I looked down between my knees and all I saw was the jungle down there. I had fallen out. The next thing I knew, I was back aboard the helicopter. When we landed, I asked the crew who it was that pulled me back in. They didn't know what I was talking about.

“Okay. A couple of years later I was mountain climbing in Mexico; a very simple mountain to climb. It was just a matter of scrambling up rock paths. I climbed it every morning. I loved to see the Sun come up over the Sierra Madres. This one morning, however, the mountain was shrouded with fog. The Sun hadn't come up and you could only see a yard or so in front of you. Well, I was following one of the many paths when I discovered that I was lost. I had gone off on something that wasn't a path and I discovered that I was standing on my toes on a ledge. I couldn't see where I was or where I had come from.

“At that particular moment, the Sun came over the mountains and en-

veloped me in this golden fog. I was hanging on by my fingertips and toes. I looked down and discovered that I was on a sheer rock face overlooking a gravel pit a couple of hundred feet below. The town below wasn't up yet, so no one could see me. I realized that I couldn't hang on there for more than a couple of minutes. There was nothing above me to grab on to, nothing below me but air. My heart began beating faster and faster.

“The next thing I knew I was on the top of the mountain. The rational ex-

“A man in our culture, when asked ‘What are you?’ will reply with his profession. That's a frightening response.”

planation for this is that, in moments of panic, you do things that are physically impossible to do under normal circumstances. But I can't imagine doing something that would have taken over a minute's time and then not remembering it afterward. I wasn't under the influence of anything but panic in these two circumstances, either.

“Maybe your life branches off at important instances. Perhaps in over 1,000 parallel universes I *did* fall out of that helicopter or down that mountain. Perhaps those universes are microscopically different because I'm dead there but here now.”

Although Haldeman doesn't offer this theory as the concrete explanation for these exploits, he does stress that the incidents themselves affected both his life and his writing in an interesting way. “I think a lot of SF writers have an overblown idea about how much they understand about this whole Universe. I've got a bachelor's degree in physics and astronomy, and when somebody comes up to me and says, ‘My god! A flying saucer just flew by;

musta been a mile long; it made a right angle turn and just zipped right outta here faster than the speed of light!’, I say, ‘Bullshit.’ And yet, I *know* I must work against this gut response. It's a natural form of protection, aimed towards the information that you have worked so hard to acquire over the years. And that's dangerous. I mean, that's the most obvious danger in the history of science. Something always sounds bizarre the first time you say it.”

And Joe feels that it's science fiction's duty to explore anything and everything under the Sun, no matter how bizarre or how caustic. It appeals to the author as being the perfect vehicle for new ideas—important ideas—such as the ones found in *Study War No More*. “There are a lot of topics that can, and should, be covered in science fiction. SF is always full of surprises. And if society began paying attention to what SF writers were really saying within the framework of their stories,” he chuckles, “a lot of people would be truly startled.”

Referring to the startling alternatives to war offered by the writers in Haldeman's anthology, Joe says, “A few of these ideas might actually work if the Universe were ruled by logic, but all the stories—hopeful, chilling, satirical—are entertaining, whether practical or not. And all of them offer food for thought. The ones that offer hope, as well, offer something rare.”

Clearly, Joe Haldeman, SF's leading space adventurer, believes that science-fiction literature wields as much clout as the muzzle of any M-16 rifle . . . a lot of power that can be used for a lot of good. “I suppose you can argue convincingly that the ideas science-fiction writers address themselves to philosophically and politically aren't very subtle,” he muses. “Reading an SF novel is sometimes like watching a talk show on TV. It's limited because of time. But that's alright, you know. At least it affects people who wouldn't otherwise be touched by these ideas. And that's *really* important.” ★



There will be a triumphant re-entry into the TV ratings wars this season of a group who have already proven they can take it—and dish it out, too.

Return Of The Video

SUPERHEROES

By RICHARD MEYERS

Collectively, they're seven-feet-tall, green, able to climb up walls, shoot webs, hurl golden lassoes, and get to wear the niftiest star-spangled bathing suit ever seen. They're the TV superheroes and millions of viewers across the nation can't get enough of them. The popular triumvirate of *The Incredible Hulk*, *The Amazing Spider-Man* and *Wonder*

Woman played to high Nielsen ratings and teeth-gnashing critical reaction last year, so all three will be back this year with added derring-do. There will be some changes made, however.

"*Wonder Woman* was a show based in the past the first year," says producer Bruce Lansbury. "They never shook off the fact they were doing a comic book show. I came in after eight shows last season and thought what we needed was a quicker pace, so we

dropped the spoof aspects. We took the show seriously and will continue to do so in the new season."

The new season sees the fabulous female continuing in her Friday night spot, pitted against her old nemesis, *Donny and Marie* on ABC. "We're going for what we call 'subculture' shows," confesses Lansbury, "so we can better appeal to adults while attracting the teen audience. We'll deal with the beach scene, the male heart-





throb scene and the disco scene.

"We have a show which Alan Bennett wrote called 'Disco Devil,' which has a villain controlling one particular paranormal who you could call 'John Travolta with the Glowing Eyes.' He can zap your memory and transfer your thoughts into his mind."

Another episode concerns an expert on ants who devises a serum to give her the powers of the insect. "She's a friendly villainess," says Lansbury.

"She goes after people who hurt the ecology.

"Other times we plan to have a man who wants to hold up the television networks, and a doctor who works out of a submarine and has a particular knack with laser technology. Then there are our science-fiction stories: one where a fugitive from another world seeks refuge on this planet. In another, there's a man in the future with a time machine. His evil aide ar-

Above: There'll be changes made! *Wonder Woman* will be more independent, *The Amazing Spider-Man* will have a nifty belt buckle and *The Incredible Hulk* will be back on Broadway by New Year's Eve. Dig the jolly green giant's hose and slippers, by the way.



Photos: © CBS



Above: A comic book Who's Who, starting from the bottom and going clockwise. Bill Bixby and Lou Ferrigno as both psyches of The Hulk. Then the creature as he appears on Marvel comic pages. Next, Nicholas Hammond as Spider-Man with and without his mask. Finally, the Lynda Carter who sings in Las Vegas night clubs and the one who fights crime every Friday on CBS as Wonder Woman.

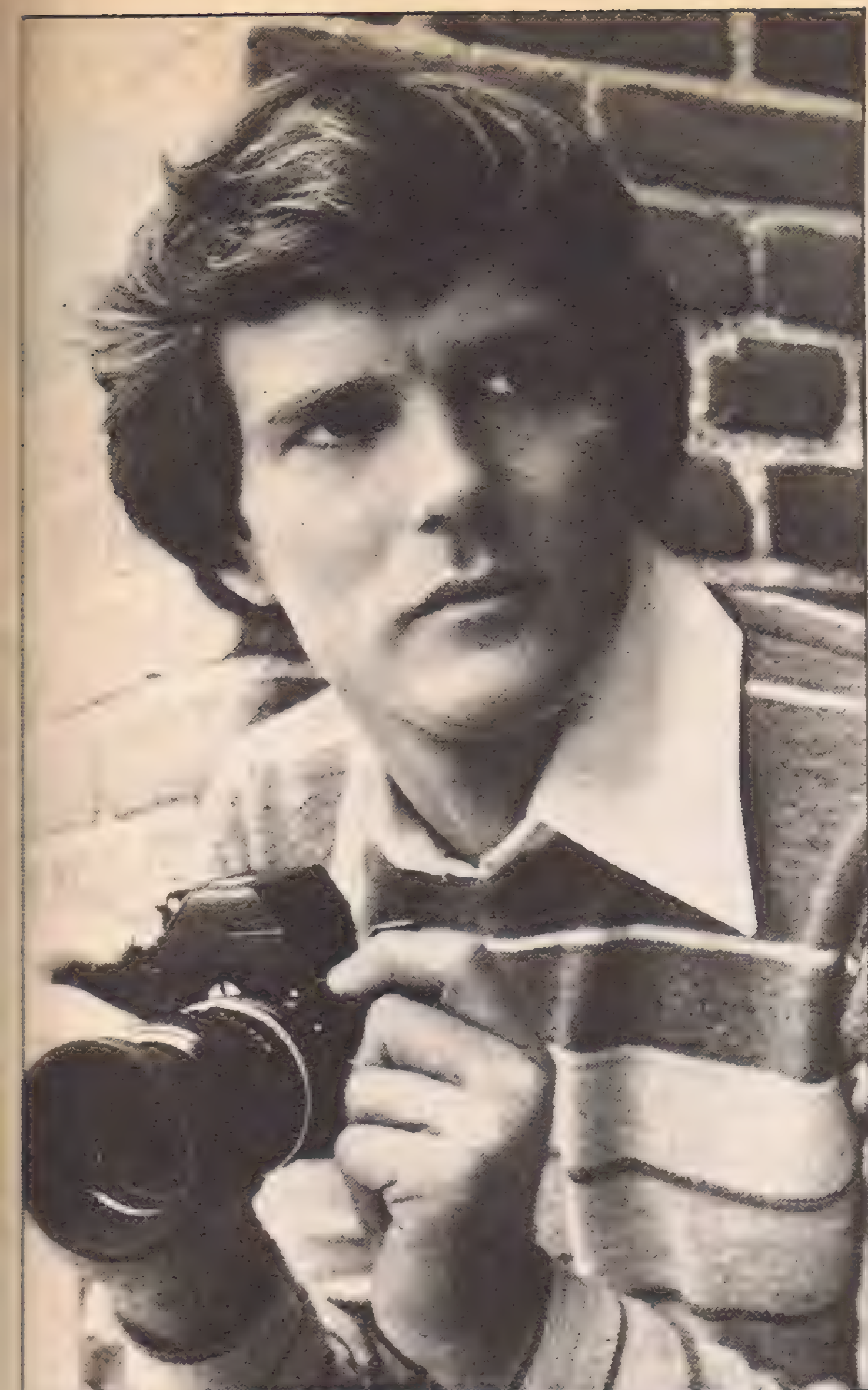
ranges to be kicked into our time because she knows something that will benefit her."

Although *Wonder Woman* is shaping up to be a thematic potpourri, Lansbury thinks it is a better show than critics give it credit for. "If people just look at it as a fantasy show that sometimes approaches SF, I think they'll have some fun with it."

Fun is also what the crew of *The Amazing Spider-Man* is shooting for, but while they had a first season filled with telekinetic terrors, criminal clones, and nefarious nuclear nasties, newly appointed producer Lee Siegel intends to push the wall crawler in another direction.

"In very broad strokes, we have a younger audience in our pocket, so to speak, by reason of the comic popularity and the action aspects of the show. What we want now are adults."

And the master plan to attract those



grown-ups? "The stories will be more mature in general. Not so much 'if the problem isn't resolved the world will be destroyed,' more on the order of recognizable characters, stories, and dialogue. Toward that end we're dropping the character of Lt. Barbera who was played by Michael Pataki and adding a character named Julie Mason, a young woman photographer, who will provide some romantic interest and comedy relief, since she still has some problems getting the shots she wants. We're keeping the publisher, J. Jonah Jameson, of course, but he will be played less like a buffoon and more like a real person."

Siegel, who took over the web-slinger production reins after leaving the cancelled *Six Million Dollar Man*, will also extend the series' renovations into the scripts.

"We're doing a story about terrorists who take over a high rise, called 'The

Captive Tower.' Another has Julie taking a picture of a murderer, unknowingly. So she's in jeopardy. Peter protects her even though they have a running competitive gag where they screw up each other's pictures. We're trying, in general, to do credible stories with a character who's borderline credible."

Siegel even goes backstage to facilitate the realism. Although there are no plans for a costume change, Spidey's powers and abilities will be slightly altered. "I'm doing some research on what it's like to be a spider," the producer divulges. "The sound of what's going on inside that body must be kind of unique. I'm trying to get that sound. I'm going to introduce the sound (amplified) that a spider makes while it's spinning a web."

"In addition, his spider sense will only deal with danger. We will limit that rather than expand it. I think they took too many liberties with it before. It won't be as specific. I'd also like to see him moving on a web as spiders do."

CBS, the hero's home network, would like to see him knock off a variety of competitors in a variety of time slots, so the re-titled *New Adventures Of Spider-Man* will be potshot all over the schedule.

"We have September 5 and September 12 air dates at 8:00 p.m. Then we'll be off for a few weeks while *The Paper Chase* goes on," says Siegel of the latest administrative news. "They have an option in November for 13 more shows and another in January for five more. If we don't do well, then I guess we won't continue."

No such worries assail the cast and crew of *The Incredible Hulk*, a sure-fire hit from the moment it appeared. Nick Corea, last year's story editor on the show and this year's producer, explains the success.

"If we had a star who didn't have any depth then we would probably play it up for all the flash we could. We happen to have Bill Bixby as David Banner, who's the best as far as I'm concerned. We also have the Hulk, which automatically gives us ten minutes of melodrama. You can't avoid it when you have a seven-foot green creature, but we want to give the rest of the show to the discerning audience who likes good drama and good action and good relationships. With this combination we hope to get something very exciting and colorful on the one hand and something very meaningful and real on the other."

"The people David will be dealing with," Corea reveals, "are all going to be allegories to his own problems—people with beasts inside them or things they must deal with. At the same time, we're really going to confront what it means to change. Rather than

just have David get involved with something and 'hulk out' three times, we'll have shows where he's simply dealing with his fight against the inner beast."

At the same time, Corea does not forget the ingredients that spelled success for the jolly, green giant last year. He promises that the astonishing transformation of man into monster will continue to take place in the strangest places.

"We have the Hulk at the Mardi Gras, the Hulk at the Rose Bowl Parade, and a New Year's Eve story where the Hulk will be in Times Square. All those stories are terrific but within them we're building a small, compassionate human story. That's this year's fix."

"Some of those shows include a battered child and a professional football player. But instead of the usual mustache-twirling villains, we have a father with definite psychological problems and a player concerned with the violence of the sport. The violence in both these shows builds until the men have their own 'hulks' inside them."

Corea also promises to clear up some of the first season's inconsistencies. For instance, two things happen when you put an angry David Banner in a box. First, the Hulk usually emerges and second, his shirt is gone and his pants are shorter.

"Well, if we had his pants rip off entirely we'd be in a lot of trouble," Corea laughs. "And if you followed the logic all the way down the line—what happens to his shoes? After all, a lot of questions can't be answered in this situation. How many shirts can a guy go through? I mean, we can't show him going around with a steamer trunk full of clothes. However, rest assured that his pants will be shredded this year and some people will start putting two and two together about his identity."

The Incredible Hulk remains one of the most promising shows to appear in some time, and if Corea and Executive Producer Ken Johnson have their way, it will continue to be through many new seasons.

"Our problem with the network and the critics, especially, is no one seems to be able to get past the title," Corea muses. "Everyone wants to focus on the green guy stampeding down buildings. We want to concentrate on the *King Kong* facet—the sympathetic beast. What we're looking for is something that satisfies us as writers. If you just have slam-bam up and down the hills and all that jazz, you're doing yourself and your audiences a disservice. And it won't last. After all, how many times can you watch the Hulk go through a wall, knock down a tree and throw people around without going, 'yawwwwwwn?' "

★

SPACE REPORT

Edited By DAVID HIRSCH

Supermarionation: Not For Features Only

In the last issue of STARLOG, the SFX feature on my Supermarionation programs mentioned that I produced a commercial last year utilizing the Supermarionation technique. Since that time, STARLOG has received numerous letters requesting further information. *Alien Attack*, the title of the Jif Dessert Topping commercial, was not only my first puppet production in over eight years, but it was my first commercial since I did a series of award-

winning commercials for a British travel agent called Blue Cars in the late 1950s. How did *Alien Attack* come about?

A little over a year ago I received a call from Judy Hurst of Collette, Dickenson, Pearce & Partners, Ltd., one of the biggest advertising agencies in London, with reel upon reel of award-winning commercials. Ms. Hurst wanted to make a commercial using the Supermarionation technique

developed many years ago for my *Thunderbirds* and *Captain Scarlet* series. This technique hadn't been used for many years in this country for the purpose of product commercials.

Within hours I was studying their proposed script. I was aware that the commercial would be expensive, for it would mean creating new, highly sophisticated Supermarionation puppets and highly complicated mechanics to go with the puppets. When I quoted the estimated budget it sounded more like STARLOG's overseas phone number. However, C.D.P. consists of very experienced people, and if they believe that an idea will sell their client's product, they can be very determined.

I sent Ms. Hurst a videotape of the pilot for *Thunderbirds*. It was made in 1964, and it really did my heart good when they called to say that the whole agency had seen the *Thunderbirds* film and had loved it. Whatever dating had taken place had given it a certain amount of charm.

From their proposed script we made some minor revisions which would better enable us to translate their idea into Supermarionation. These revisions were submitted to the agency and were approved.

Normally, the agency creates the story board. In this particular case, however, we were dealing with a specialized technique and the agency felt my staff and I would know more about the layout of this type of commercial than they would. It goes without saying that everything we did had to be checked and passed by C.D.P., but that storyboard, produced by my old colleague Reg Hill, was approved.

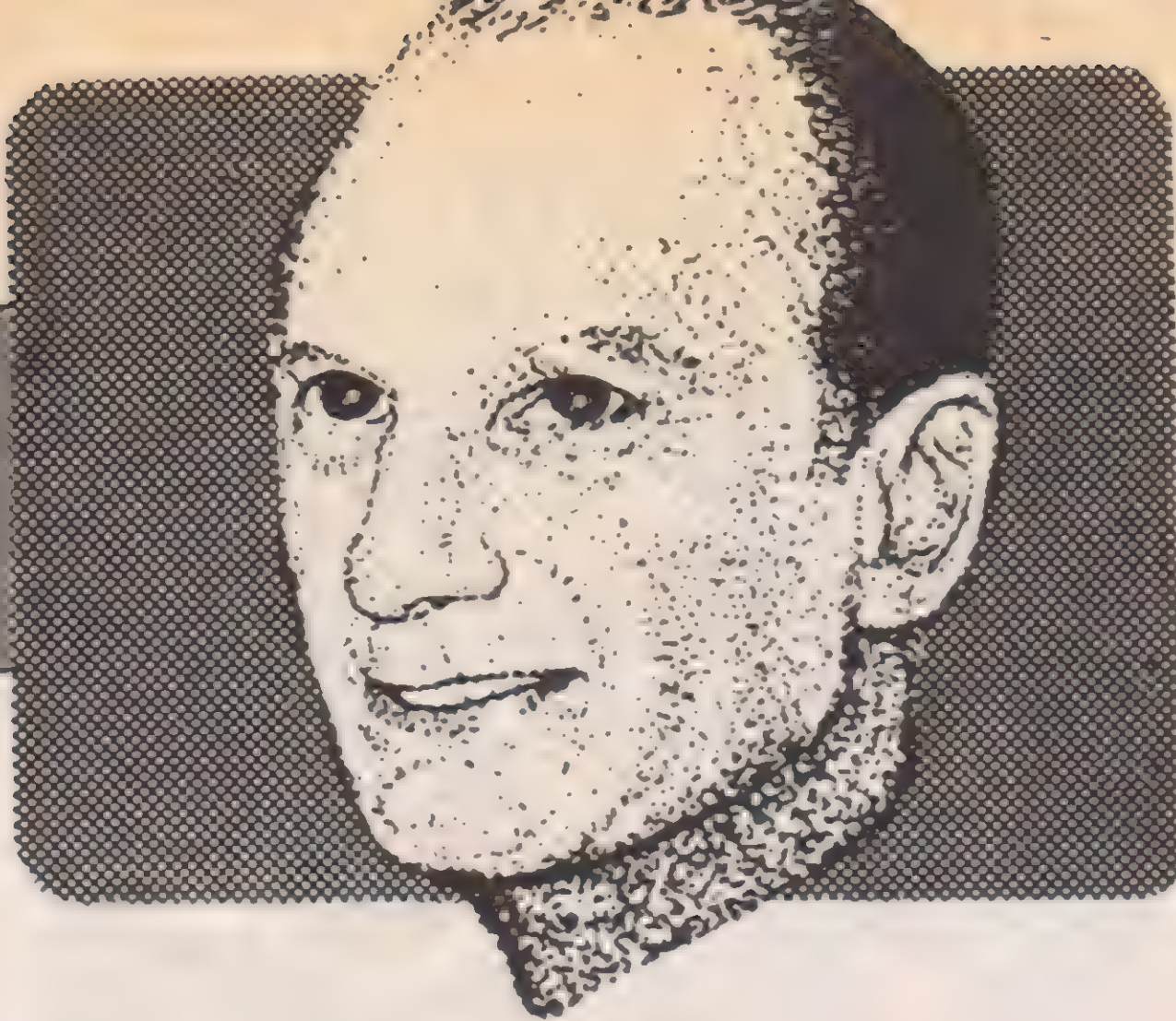
The race was on. Everything had to be constructed, tested, and working by the deadline given us . . . five weeks. For a normal production this was adequate time, but for our kind of show it was very limited indeed.

Dave Lane, who directed many of the early Supermarionation productions, was called upon to direct. Reg Hill was asked to design the set and John Brown, one of our old puppeteers who is now a special effects man, came back and joined us with his



Storyboard: Collett, Dickenson, Pearce and Partners, Ltd.

A year ago Gerry Anderson was contacted by one of the biggest ad agencies in London to make this commercial for Jif Dessert Topping using the Supermarionation previously developed for his *Thunderbird* and *Captain Scarlet* series.



wife, Wanda, who is also an expert puppeteer.

One of the things to emerge from our first meeting was how much we had forgotten about making puppet films. Dave Lane remembered we always had difficulty getting the camera low enough because we had to use an Add-A-Vision camera (whereas a closed circuit TV camera actually looks through the film camera's objective lens). Monitors in front of the puppeteers allowed them to see their work as it was being filmed. This camera is very good except that the lens itself is very long and the electronics associated with the camera makes it a very big affair and therefore very difficult to position low down on the ground. The tabletop puppet sets have to be built as close to the ground as possible or else the puppeteers would be surprisingly high.



Photo: ITC

Likewise we remembered many of the problems relating to depth-of-focus. Very nice to have a set with high flats making possible some impressive low angle shots, but then, of course, we would again have the puppeteers too high. The wires controlling the puppets would have to be longer and more difficult to control.

Before we could begin shooting, we had to cast three actors to prerecord the dialogue for the puppets. The Man was played by Ed Bishop (known to all as Col. Straker in *UFO*), the Woman was played by Angela Richards, and the Professor by David Tate.

The puppet section of *Alien Attack* was shot at EMI Studios, Borehamwood, and took two days. The special effects, featuring a fleet of flying dishes and a space battle, were shot at Bray Studios in the capable hands of Brian Johnson and Nick Alder.

On the completion of shooting, I had the sets and the puppets shipped to

Blackpool, England, where they had Gerry Anderson's Space City Exhibition. One fateful day there was a cloudburst which caused thousands of people to fight for cover, many entering my exhibition. It may not be the best way to attract clients, but nevertheless the exhibition was packed and some of the young people were carrying knapsacks. The attendants were unable to move freely and when the crowd thinned out, the puppets of the Professor and the Woman had disappeared from their showcase.

The film was cut together; everything worked and we were soon in the dubbing theatre with the nostalgia of Barry Gray's old *Thunderbirds* music. Just within our deadline, the film was completed.

Then we had to find a feature film that would be good to screen with our commercial. (In England, commercials are shown in movie theatres, between feature presentations.) Fortunately, a picture called *Star Wars* had just arrived in England, so they went on release together in December, 1977. We were delighted to see, throughout the United Kingdom, hundreds of thousands of people standing on long lines, waiting to see our commercial.

I am also delighted to report that *Alien Attack* played its part in maintaining the already-popular Jif Dessert Topping in its market position of number one. The whole experience reminded me of the magic of Supermariation and set me thinking that it's about time we had another *Thunderbirds*-type series.

—Gerry Anderson

Readers are invited to send their questions and topic ideas to Gerry in care of STARLOG. Although personal replies, requests for materials, etc., are impossible, letters of general interest will be selected for printing in future issues.

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STAR TREK REPORT



Yes Virginia, There Will Be A Star Trek Movie!

And now, the moment you've all been waiting for. . . . As you read this, cameras are rolling on Stage 9 at Paramount Pictures, and *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* is underway at last! All systems were go as filming began on August 7, 1978.

At the time of this writing, the pace is frantic as last-minute preparations are being rushed to completion in time for shooting. The Bridge set is complete, and shooting will probably take place on this set while the other sets are being completed during the first few weeks of our 10-week shooting schedule. Other set designs are being modified and improved, including a much larger Sickbay, and an engine room of even greater dimensions than we previously described. We are planning a "Rec Deck" large enough to en-

Jon Povill, who had been story editor when *Star Trek* was in development for a television show last fall, has been promoted to Associate Producer. Jon has been closely involved with all facets of the production from its inception.

Robert Fletcher is creating the costumes for *ST—MP*. Bob has one of the most comprehensive backgrounds of any designer in the entertainment industry. He has been a scenic designer and/or costume designer for 16 Broadway plays, numerous productions of the New York City Opera, Chicago Lyric Opera, Los Angeles Civic Light Opera, Boston Opera Company, New York City Ballet, Stratford, Conn. Shakespeare Festival and 27 television shows—most recently the Dean Martin Specials (for which he has

country who are sincere in asking us if they may fly out here and audition for a part, or perhaps become an "extra." Unfortunately, Hollywood is a union town, and Paramount is a union studio. This means that all talent employed must belong to one of the professional unions or guilds—either S.A.G. (Screen Actors Guild) or S.E.G. (Screen Extras Guild). This assures us of the highest caliber of talent possible, so that we can bring you a thoroughly professional film. Anyone seriously considering an acting career in motion pictures should contact the guilds for further information.

James P. Henry of Sutter, Calif., writes: "I am currently working on a book that takes place seventy years in *Star Trek's* future. . . ." As many fans know, there are now an abundance of *Star Trek* novels and paperback books on the market, most of these published by Bantam Books. These are carefully selected from among hundreds of manuscripts which are submitted to the publishers every month. Those that are chosen for a possible *Star Trek* book are then submitted to Paramount Pictures for final approval. The ones which are to be published are then licensed by Paramount and the books are printed and distributed by Bantam. If you have an idea for a book, please do *not* send it to Gene Roddenberry or our office, as we would only have to return it. You might prepare an outline and a sample of one or two chapters, and submit it to one of Paramount's contracted publishers, Bantam Books or Ballantine Books, both in New York.

And now, for all of you who wrote in suggesting possible ways for determining Spock's age and Vulcan ways of determining one's years (see STARLOG #14), thank you for all the letters and comments. There were just about as many suggestions as there were letters, most of them quite logical—also conflicting—which is why we've decided to drop the whole thing!

Next Issue: Be sure to check this column for our first-hand report of the actual shooting of *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*!



tertain the many hundreds of crew personnel aboard starship *Enterprise*. From this Rec Deck we will see exciting visuals of space as we travel with the *Enterprise* crew on their most exciting "Trek" yet.

Although principal photography will be done here at Paramount, planet Vulcan will probably be our only location, and we are now researching geographically "alien-looking" areas of planet Earth to double as Spock's home planet.

Magicam is nearing completion on the models and miniatures, and the six-foot model of the *Enterprise* was christened recently. All miniatures and models were made from scratch, including the orbital offices and drydock complex for the *Enterprise*, personnel shuttlecraft, and a new Vulcan shuttlecraft.

also served as Associate Producer) and "Ben Vereen, His Roots." He was chosen because of this varied background, and is pleased that *Star Trek* is his first motion picture assignment.

Fred Phillips, who served as make-up artist on the original TV series, has returned to do make-up for *ST—MP*. He is currently working on sketches for the Klingon make-up (yes, there will be Klingons in the film!), as well as new ideas for never-before-seen aliens.

Others who have been added to the creative staff include Alex Weldon and Richard Helmer, in charge of special effects on stage (Bridge consoles and light panels, for example); Linda DeScenna, set decorator; and Dick Rubin, props.

From The Mailbag: Our office has been flooded with resumes from eager young acting students from all parts of the

THE MAGICAL TECHNIQUES OF MOVIE & TV



PART XII: EXPLOSIONS FOR MINIATURES

By DAVID HUTCHISON

Joe Viskocil's carefully constructed explosions for the miniatures in *Flesh Gordon* made him known to the film industry. *Star Wars* gave him a showcase for his talents in what is essentially a new art in special effects. This fall, TV viewers will have the opportunity to see more of his work on ABC's *Battlestar Galactica* and CBS's *Buck Rogers*. And his work will soon return to the big screen with the production of *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*. Joe Viskocil, an accomplished still photographer and film technician by training, has created his own niche in the film industry by developing a new and highly specialized art—miniature explosions.

The term *miniature*, applied to an explosion, might seem to be a contradiction in terms. But many of the concepts and story situations now following in *Star Wars*' vapor trails can only be realized by the use of miniatures—intergalactic battles, alien attacks. And where there are battles, there are explosions.

"I firmly believe that *anything* can be done in miniature," says Viskocil confidently. Certainly, recent films such as *CE3K* and his own work in *Star Wars* would seem to bear him out.

This is the twelfth part in STARLOG's feature series on Special Effects. Part I—The Use of Miniatures appeared in Issue # 6. Part II—Robby the Robot appeared in #7. Part III—Model Animation appeared in #8. Part IV—Magicam appeared in #9. Part V—How To Roll Your Own appeared in #10. Parts VI & VII—The Makeup Men appeared in #11 & #12. Parts VIII & IX—The Matte Artist appeared in #13 and #14. Part X—Sound Effects appeared in #15. Part XI—Supermarionation appeared in #16.

Miniatures, as a film technique, have been in use since the pioneers of cinema. Consider Melies' *A Trip To The Moon*, made in 1902. Miniature explosions, however, have appeared only sporadically. "You would see a lot of miniature explosions in films like *This Island Earth* and *War Of The Worlds* (which influenced me a lot) and I could study what they had done over at Universal. But otherwise, everybody else in Hollywood knew how to blow up cars and buildings, but nobody *specialized* in miniature explosions."

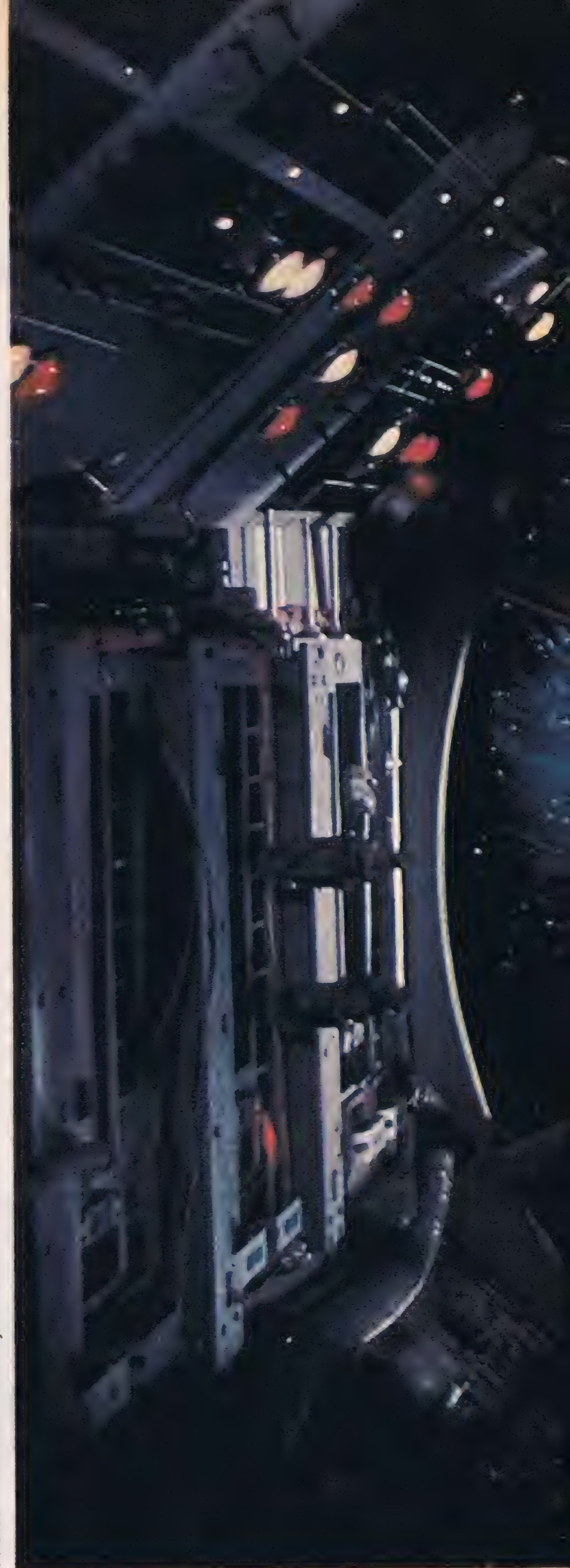
Explosions on a small scale have a number of problems in common with other "impossible" miniature effects. Water, for example (the *Logan's Run* cityscape) or fire (the flames in *When Worlds Collide*)—you can tell that they are miniatures.

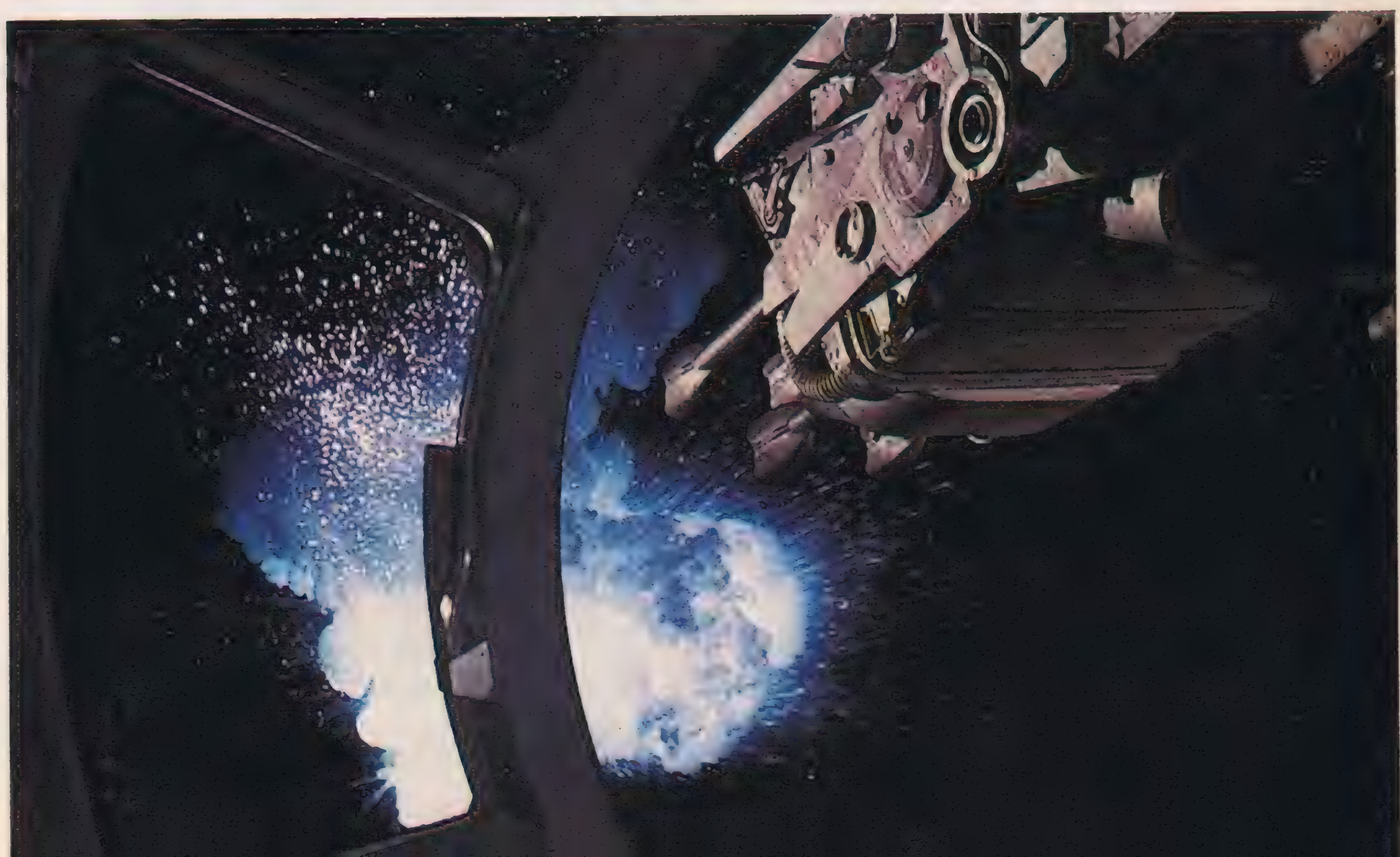
"Once I came out of the theater having just watched *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*. I overheard some of the kids talking about the 'blue line' around the car, that it looked odd, funny. When kids notice things like that, then you are in real trouble. I want to totally fool the audience. I want to make it look real.

"The moviegoing public is not stupid—they want to see quality—they want to see it done right. There's always a challenge involved in making an explosion look big or small, whether the explosion is big or small—it could be a few inches or a few feet, but it's a matter of making it look good on the screen and *believable*—making it look believable is of the utmost essence."

Above and far right: Test composite for the TIE fighters sequence. Test shots have not yet been color corrected to show off the green TIE explosions. Right: Joe Viskocil rigged a "live-action" charge for the Jawa who welds the "restraining bolt" to R2-D2. The silver sparks were to suggest a welding effect.

Photos: © 1977 20th Century-Fox







Left: Joe Viskocil rigs an X-wing for destruction. (Joe Johnston at right.) Two charges were rigged in the rear and one in the front of the model. The underside and the cockpit of the model was scored to break apart in a predictable manner. Below left: The finished composite in the *Deathstar* trench.

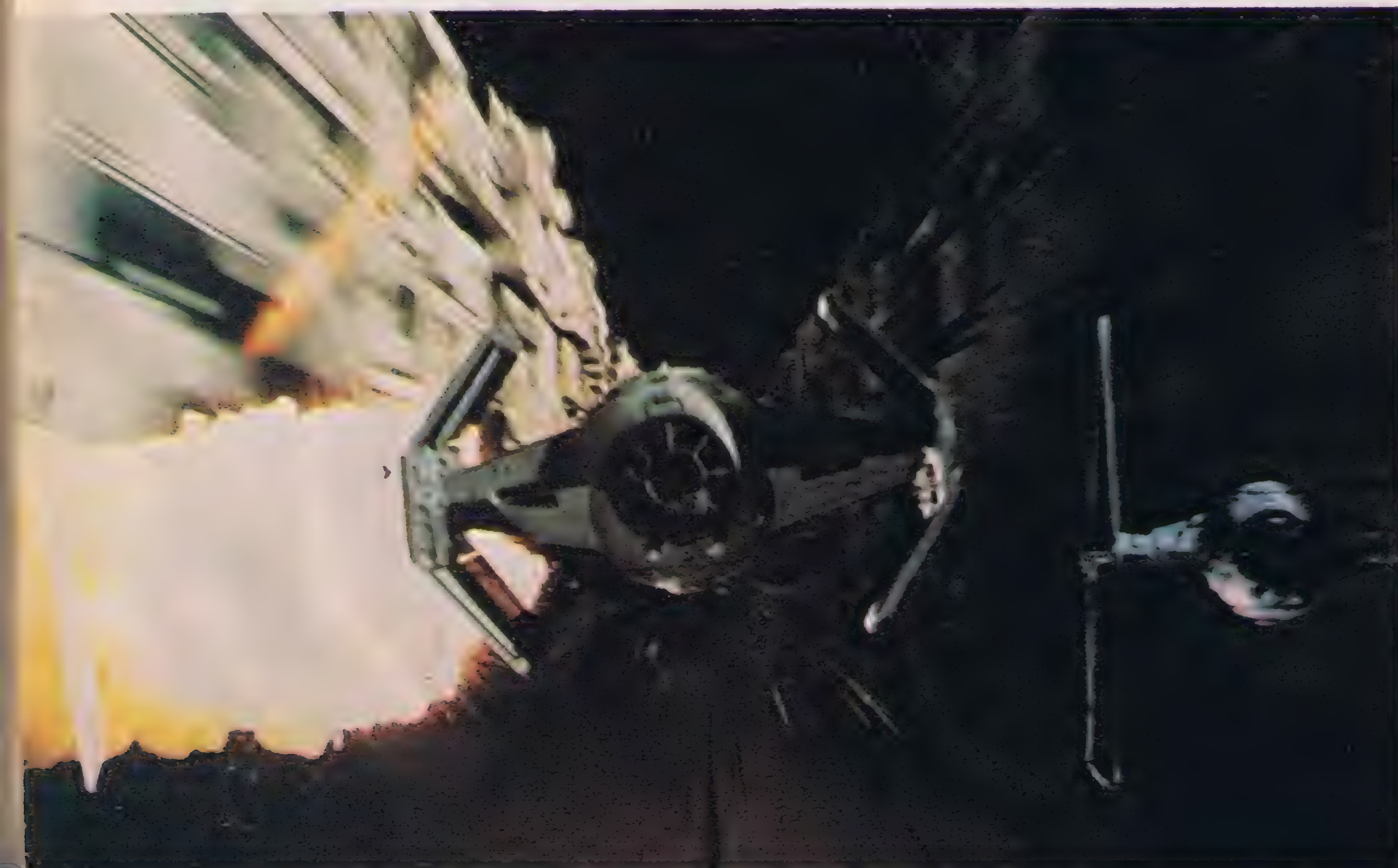
One of the keys to believability is consistency. "I insisted upon some sort of continuity, some sort of design to the explosions themselves. So that if you see a ship blowing up, it will more or less look like the rest of the ships that are blowing up." In real life the ships would have all been built with the same plan and would be using the same type of fuel, therefore their explosions should have the same sort of identity.

For example, in *Star Wars* all the TIE fighters exploded with a green flame and smoke with gold sparks. It is likely that most audience members were not consciously aware of this consistency, which is as it should be. It looked *right*. Audiences would have noticed it if it had looked wrong—ships breaking apart in different ways or in a rainbow of colors.

Another key factor to believability is the choreography. In *War Of The Worlds* there is an excellent sequence of the Los Angeles City Hall being blasted by the Martian war machines. "They made it so that it was a two-layer explosion. The bottom layer would explode first, then the top. Then the middle of the entire diamond shape of the dome would come crashing down."

Or Tom Scherman's castle in *Flesh Gordon*. "I choreographed the castle destruction to make sure that it wouldn't go up all at the same time, which when you are working with a small and fragile model, is a very real problem. The destruction had to be a step-by-step maneuver. I prepared the model by cutting up certain areas that I wanted to see flying apart. I wanted to actually *see* sections being destroyed. Usually you have to take a model and almost tear it apart from scratch so that it will come apart the way you want it to. When the explosion goes off you should see fragments of the model as debris flying through the air, some toward the camera and some spreading up into the air.

"I just finished a film called *Fire In The Sky*, which was made for NBC-TV. I did a number of explosions for the sequence which involves a collision of a comet with the city of Pheonix. Part of the sequence consisted of a mushroom-cloud explosion. I set a number of charges so that they would come toward the lens and one major one going straight up for the mushroom effect. It worked very well.



Photos: © 1977 20th Century-Fox

“I think there are a million different ways explosions can be done, whatever you come up with should look believable . . .”

“Gerry Anderson usually had very well-choreographed explosions—they looked like they took the time to break down the sets and place explosions where there should be explosions, instead of just on an empty hill.”

Placement of the explosive charge is essential to that all-important goal of complete believability. “There should always be some *reason* for the location of an explosion—how it starts and grows. Usually, with vehicles of any sort, you start with the fuel tanks (or whatever makes it go) and let the explosion grow from there.”

But even with careful planning, storyboarding, design and construction, miniature explosions are not completely predictable. “No two explosions are going to come out the same, you can usually recreate the basic texture—the type of debris you want to see—but the exact form of the explosion after ignition is very unpredictable.

“You can control your results by using certain chemicals for various colors and quantities of smoke and flame. Packing the bomb differently will result in either a soft explosion or a hard-and-fast one; and, of course, the quantity of material is a factor.”

For these reasons, every pyrotechnician should keep good notes while he is experimenting. An accurate log will enable you to reproduce effects, not only for retakes, but when similar effects are called for on other projects months or years later.

Like most miniatures, miniature explosions must be filmed with a high-speed camera. Filming at high speed and projecting at the normal rate of 24 frames per second will make the particles of debris move more slowly across the screen. Most of the *Star Wars* explosions were shot at 100 frames per second. This camera speed gave just about the right scale of movement to the explosions for that particular size model.

“The *Deathstar* shot was one of the earliest ones that we created. It was shot at a camera speed of 300 frames per second. The first time I saw it I was amazed . . . it was just in pieces, slowly coming toward you, and it just kept going and going. . . .”

Explosions in outer space present a special problem since no one has ever seen one. There will, of course, not be any gravity effect, which should mean



The destruction of the *Deathstar* was easily the most spectacular explosion in *Star Wars*. The glowing silver-white points of light just seem to slowly reach out in all directions. The shot was made at 300 frames per second and shot from below to suggest zero-g. This view from the side shows the explosion going off in midair with the camera rigged below a safety shield. The illustration on page 56 of R2-D2 and the little Jawa used exactly the same chemical mixture as this *Deathstar* shot.

“Gerry Anderson’s shows were very influential.”



that the explosion would move out as a fairly uniform sphere. Most of the explosions designed for *Star Wars*, however, were designed for their spectacular effect rather than scientific accuracy. In space there would be no flame and no smoke. There would be “clouds of debris, glowing fragments, the ignition flash . . . at least as far as we can surmise. No one has actually seen a space station or ship blown to

“Rolling Your Own”

Joe Viskocil has asked the editors of *STARLOG* to remind our home-movie enthusiasts that pyrotechnical materials are extremely dangerous and controlled by law. “You cannot go out and experiment on your own. You must be licensed to handle all materials of this sort.” Those interested in working with miniature explosives must have a thorough education in chemistry and the handling of explosives in general. You must pass strict licensing requirements and operate under local laws with very stringent safety precautions.

smithereens.

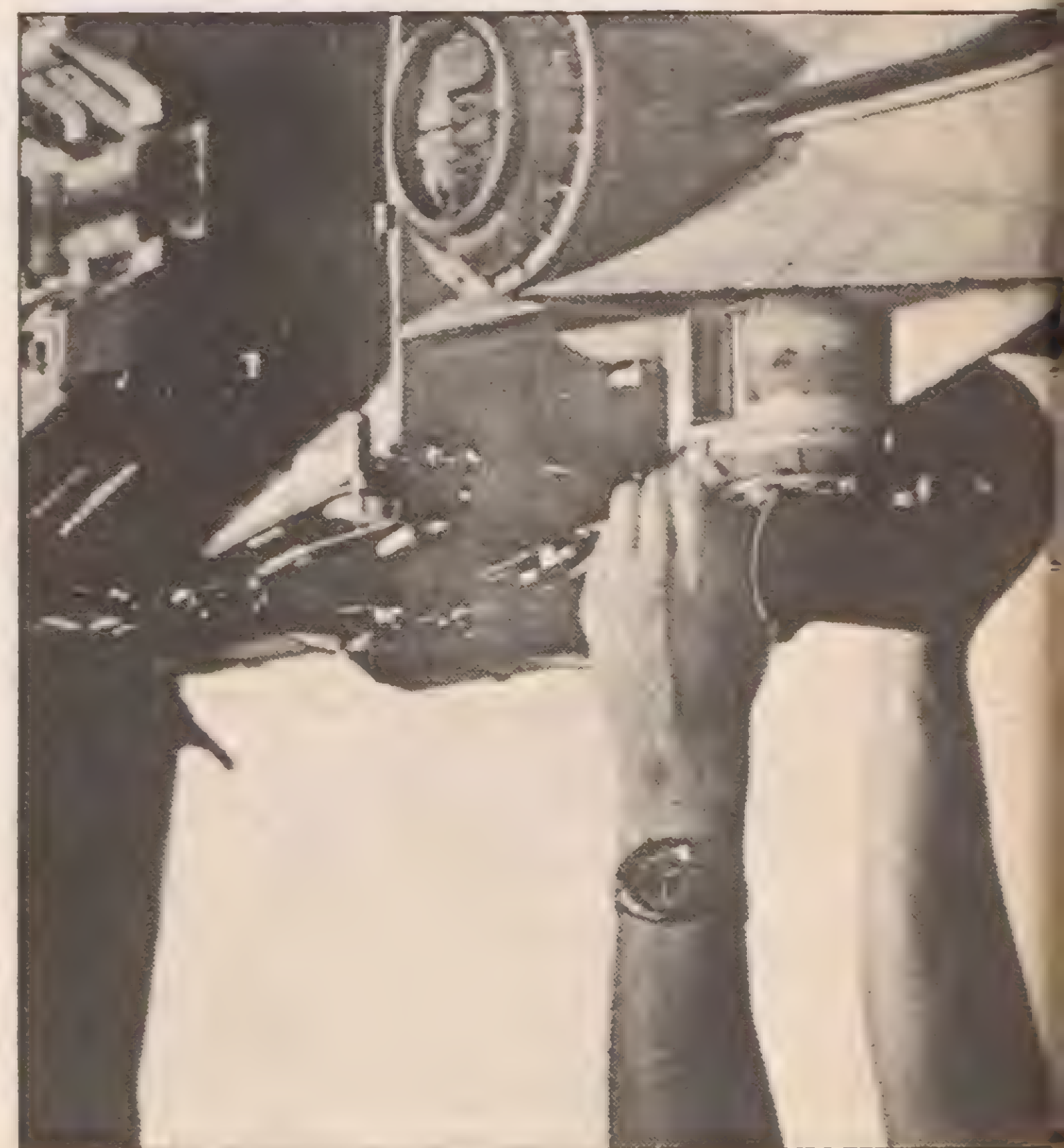
“*This Island Earth* had a number of explosions or fireballs coming toward you, but some of the sparks were falling straight down and it really bugged the hell out of me. That’s why I insisted on almost every explosion being shot straight up from below—that was the key to the zero-gravity effect. The cir-

cumference of the explosion would fill the entire frame instead of dropping off to one side.”

The sequence of the attack over the *Deathstar* by the rebel fighters presented special problems. The ships had to be blasted while they were in motion relative to the surface of the *Deathstar* and in close-up. “About 13 ships were rigged by me and shot by Bruce Logan over at Producer’s Studio with their 45-foot-high ceiling. The ships were shot against a blue screen and mounted on long rods in front of a wind tunnel. When the fans were going full speed, the ship would still be stable, yet when the explosion went off, the debris and everything would be springing past it, making it look like the ship was actually moving.”

The working situation has a great deal to do with the quality of a finished product. There must be enough time to properly rig the models and establish close coordination between all members of the crew. “I’m not the kind of person that goes in and just does it all himself. I want to toss around ideas. I want to get feedback from a lot of people. While at Producer’s Studio, I would ask some of the gaffers and grips, ‘How did that look? What did you think of it?’ I would ask people I didn’t even know because I wanted to know their thoughts . . . ‘Was it too big, or phony like a big 4th of July?’ I want to know people’s reaction. It’s this sort of caring that creates a healthy family situation with your crew, so that the best work gets done.

“You have to have *heart* in the motion picture industry. There are some



No one else was doing full-time explosions."



Photo: © 1976 Joe Viskocil



Photos: © 1977 20th Century-Fox



Photo: © 1976 Joe Viskocil

Top row, left to right: The destruction of Emperor Whang's castle in *Flesh Gordon* was very carefully choreographed. It started from one of the towers and worked its way through the castle to give the illusion of a chain reaction. It was a beautifully designed sequence and quite successful on the screen. Above: Joe Viskocil mid-way through rigging 25 charges to 16 trip switches for the castle destruction. On page 62 are illustrations with Joe Viskocil's control center and the rigging for the explosion of the castle tower which starts the chain reaction. Above left: A Y-wing from *Star Wars* disappears in a ball of flame. Seven shots of this type were done at Dykstra's Industrial Light & Magic facility under the supervision of Joe Viskocil. The models were slid down a fifteen-foot wire angled about 45° from the floor. The camera panned with the model as the charge was set off. Three Y-wings and four X-wings were destroyed in this manner before moving over to a more elaborate set-up at Producer's Studio. Richard Edlund was the cinematographer for these shots. Left: Joe Viskocil rigs a charge to the rebel blockade runner. The model was rigged upside down for this sequence. Smoke from the charge clung to the model, but time was short so the sequence was never remade to Viskocil's satisfaction.

'I have a number of new ideas for Star Trek.'

directors, like Lucas, who are bringing back the old-fashioned matter of caring. Too many people today do not care about the productions they are working on. They don't care about the director, they don't care about what he has in mind, they don't care what the scene is all about. . . They just go in there and do their work like they were doing the laundry or something, and that's it.

"Not everyone on the set has to share the same vision, but they should all be enthused about their work and care about the results. The audience cares about the results, they want to believe in what you're doing, and it only takes a little care to make that come true." ★

Next issue, the SFX series visits the home of Bob Burns in Burbank, CA, to find out how some of the greats in all areas of SFX have been spending their Halloween Holidays.

Photo: © 1976 Joe Viskocil



Photos: © 1977 20th Century-Fox

Right: X-wing stand at Producer's Studio. The camera is mounted below the model with a blue screen above. Air blowing from the cylinder kept the flames streaming back, so as to give the illusion of movement. Bruce Logan was cameraman for these SFX sequences.



Photo: © 1976 Joe Viskocil



Right: Joe Viskocil rigs the balcony explosion for castle destruction sequence illustrated on pages 60-61. Viskocil says the scale was very easy to work with. He wanted the balcony to appear to crumble during the explosion which was filmed at 125 frames per second. Builder Tom Scherman assists below.

Star Trek *will break new ground in explosions.* ”

Photo: © 1976 Joe Viskocil



Far left: Joe Viskocil's trip-switch controls for the *Flesh Gordon* castle. Left: The first take was the best—a good shape, flaming fragments and a cloud about three feet wide.

Photo: © 1978 Universal



Photo: © 1977 20th Century-Fox



Photo: © 1977 20th Century-Fox



Above left: From *Battlestar Galactica*, faster and cloudier explosions were asked for with more of an “aura” effect. Above: A Y-wing breaks apart into points of light. This sort of explosion was rejected in favor of the more violent-looking billowing flames as in the illustration at left. George Lucas had asked for a brief “aura” to appear around the ships just before they were blown apart. The models were carefully pre-scored so that they would come apart in sections as real aircraft might.



DOCTOR STRANGE

COMES TO TELEVISION

Master of the Mystic Media Arts

By RICHARD MEYERS

Hospital interior—Day. A pair of elevator doors opens and a young doctor steps out in a hurry. Camera moves with him down the corridor. His name is Steven Strange, and he has dark, good looks and strong features."

No, this is not the opening to another episode of *General Hospital* or *Marcus Welby*. In fact, that bit of opening narrative serves to introduce the strangest doctor you're ever likely to see on TV—he is Dr. Strange: "Master of the Mystic Arts" and champion of the human race against the dreaded evils that exist in this and other dimensions. In his mortal guise, Strange is merely a soft-spoken, unobtrusive, gifted psychologist and M.D.

Dr. Strange is yet another product of the Marvel Comics superhero line. He is one of their oldest and most exciting creations and has had a cult following (mostly on college campuses) for more than a decade. Now he is destined for widespread public exposure and a chance for superstar status. Just how "strange" the doctor's exploits are can be judged from a bit of action that takes place further on in the script:

"Now the web is coiling around his waist, climbing his chest. His left arm is pinned, his right arm free. He raises his right hand in a fist. Close-up on Stephen. He frowns with concentration and strain. Suddenly from his right hand a glow emanates from the ring, surrounds his fist and a bolt of energy flies outward. It strikes the spiderweb and it ignites in flames. The living trees scream and release their hold. Stephen steps back and faces Morgan. 'Witch,' he curses her . . ."

"The concept is so far out," says the

CBS-TV pilot's writer/director Phil DeGuere, "It's hard sometimes to even get a grasp on it! - This is not a story in which there is a clear-cut life and death situation facing the hero. That could be dangerous, since there's a general feeling that you have to hook an audience with something they're familiar with. Ultimately, I think we won that battle by hooking the audience with something they're *not* familiar with, which I find is a much more interesting way to go."

What viewers will soon become familiar with is a struggle of cosmic proportions: the evil sorceress Morgan Le Fay and the ominous, awesome Nameless One represent the forces of darkness, while master magician Strange and his aged mentor, Lindmer, are on the side of light. Although there are many ways to go with these concepts, they are relatively new to TV and DeGuere, whose last production *Baa Baa Black Sheep* was child's play by comparison.

"It has to do with a problem of dealing with an area which is completely foreign to TV," DeGuere agrees. "Or, for that matter, to motion pictures. Unless people are familiar with myth, folklore and fairytales on the one hand or fantasy literature on the other, it's difficult to understand a story like this."

DeGuere is aided in his translation of the Marvel Comics mystic to the small screen by the casting of two great actors and one magnetic new pro in the three central roles.

"I can't imagine a better choice than Sir John Mills to play Lindmer," he says. "There were times during the production, as a matter of fact, when I wondered whether or not he really *was* a sorcerer. Jessica Walter plays

Morgan, and again, I can't imagine a better choice. In the context of this sort of fantasy, a well-known actress like Jessica adds an incredible audience identification to the dark, black aspects of the story without ever becoming a disturbing figure. As for Dr. Strange himself, Peter Hooten is marvelous. He's an actor of incredible proportions. There's really a magical and exciting quality about him as a person and I felt one of the most important things was to be able to perceive why Strange was chosen to fulfill this destiny. If Raymond Burr were playing Dr. Strange, you would say, 'He was chosen because he's an established TV star,' among other things. But I think you'll see Peter's electricity when you see the movie."

Casting isn't the only problem that needed to be solved for the TV production. As reported in STARLOG # 12, the Doctor has been known to wear oddly colored, skintight underwear and throw a cosmic bolt or two, both of which were difficult to recreate for the TV screen.

"I tried to keep as much to the comic costume as possible," says DeGuere. "But those tend to look silly on real people. There's a lady named Devon Wood at Universal who worked night and day for almost two months on the various costumes—most particularly on Dr. Strange's final costume, which posed the single greatest worry in this entire project."

"We went through a large number of drawings, trying to zero in on something someone would realistically wear in 1978. Frank Brunner, one of my favorite artists whose work on the Dr. Strange comic produced some of my favorite issues, was a big help on that, too. Actually, we ended up working

with a model of a gentleman going to the opera. It's the only instance in modern dress where a guy would wear a cape."

As for the various "beams, rays, zaps, blows, splats, and things of that nature," as DeGuere calls them, the SFX assignment was anything but easy.

"You should differentiate between special effects and special *photographic* effects," the production chief suggests. "Because SFX in Hollywood lingo are doors that shut; fire; vines that creep, and people who fly through the air (all of which appear in the *Dr. Strange* movie). They're mechanical effects and SPE are a separate category entirely, they're optical effects."

"Now," he continues, "there are two areas of photographic effects: post- and pre-production. The *pre* had to do with the front projection system we were using. It plagued us with an insurmountable number of problems from the very first day we were supposed to shoot. We had problems with the camera, with the projectors, with the wires, with missing process plates, with missing electricity—Universal even gave us a studio which was 15 feet too short for the 70-foot front projection screen, despite the fact that everything had been clearly laid out on paper! The picture went five days over schedule and probably 50-to-100,000 dollars over budget on that end of the project alone."

Be that as it may, DeGuere is quick to add that these technical difficulties did not seriously mar the end product. On the contrary: "I'm especially happy with the post-production opticals which are being done by Van Der Veer Photo effects. We will be continuing to refine these things. I'm confident that the overall look of the picture will be as close to what we originally conceived as humanly possible, and I must say that Universal is being supportive."

Even with the wealth of costume, casting, and effects talent, Phil DeGuere is depending on something much more intangible to make his show a success.

"The most important thing is the characters," he uncategorically stated. "In *any* show. I think the failure of SF-fantasy films from Day One was to concentrate on story twists or SFX. I notice, even now, in letters to STARLOG, that folks are beginning to say, 'The SFX were great but the people were shallow.' You've got to be able to believe in, care, and like the people on these shows if it's going to work. SFX are important and attractive, but they're not the *most* important ingredient. The object to me is to have the thing work as a story. The other object in this case is to put images on the screen that are mind-boggling. That I'm *sure* we accomplished!" ★

Photos: David Houston



Dr. Strange

Two hour pilot for television filmed at Universal Studios. Screenplay by Phil DeGuere, based on the Marvel Comics character created by Stan Lee. Executive Producer: Phil DeGuere. Director: Phil DeGuere. Producer: Alex Beaton. Cameraman: Enzo Martinelli. Art Director: William Tuntke. Creative Consultant: Tom Wright. Costume Designer: Yvonne Woods. Makeup: Jack Barron. Special Effects: Mel Arnold.

Stephen Strange ... Peter Hooten
Wong ... Clyde Kusatsu
Lindmer ... Sir John Mills
Morgan ... Jessica Walter
Clea ... Eddie Benton
Sara ... June Barrett
Dr. Taylor ... Philip Sterling
Department Chief ... Blake Marion
Magician ... Larry Anderson



Photos: © CBS and courtesy Phil DeGuere and David Houston.



Above: From the top, the Universal stage crew focuses in on Jessica Walter as enchantress Morgan while she calls for evil assistance beyond the six senses and the three dimensions. Next, Sir John Mills as Lindmer, the premiere sorcerer of planet Earth. Finally, his charge, Peter Hooten as Dr. Strange, battling Morgan in the second of three "Strange" costumes.

STATE OF THE ART

IMPLICATIONS IN CE3K - Part One

Last time, I wrote about "implications" in science fiction—that is, what is left unsaid often tells as much story as the events which are put before the viewer. An implication was defined as "a fact within the story that is shown, not within itself, but in its effects on the characters, the plot and the environment in which the story takes place," and then I pointed out some of the implications that seemed to be apparent in *Star Wars*; the most obvious implication, of course, is the "used" look of the technology in the picture—a way for George Lucas to tell us that this is a culture that has had its technology for centuries and accepts it as another fact of life and not something to be particularly marveled at.

This time out, I'm going to talk about *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*—also known as *CE3K*—a film which suggests another kind of implication.

First off, we cannot look at the film the same way we looked at *Star Wars* and expect to discover the same kind of implications. The film is structured around a set of mysterious events: a series of questions—and resolves finally in a revelation—a set of expanding answers. When you examine a structure like this for implications internal to the story, you only get more questions. For instance: we are shown several times that the presence of the UFOs creates havoc with machinery and electronic equipment, and leaves human observers with sunburns. Yet, at the end of the picture, when the little UFO scout ships and the Mother Ship arrive at Devil's Tower, there is no further indication of any of these same effects at all. If these aliens had the power to control their electromagnetic disturbances so as not to interfere with human machinery of epidermises, then that implies that all the disturbances we saw in the first half of the picture were *deliberate*. Why?

That's a question that is not answered internally, at least not as Steven Spielberg has told the story. Let's make the assumption here that the picture as we saw it is the way the writer-director *intended* it to be—

therefore, one of two possibilities exists: 1) Spielberg has an explanation, but it isn't germane to the story, so he left it out; the fact that the question does arise, however, suggests that the external explanation is not an obvious one. 2) Spielberg was going for *effect*—in which case, this is a contradiction of device which he either didn't notice or didn't feel was an obvious or major error. It is obvious that many of the set-pieces in *CE3K* were done for effect—Spielberg has proven himself to be one of the most *effective* film directors in history.

(An example here—the titles of the

tended as a subliminal assault to startle you with its brightness, to heighten the effect of the sudden cut. If you know it's there, you can see it. Just barely. At the same time, the music crashes with a resounding chord. That chord has frequencies that reach all the way down to the subsonic—the low notes that you can't hear, you can only feel. On a good hi-fi system, with the bass turned up a bit, you can make the room shake. All in all, it's a very *effective* stunt—a little lightning, a little thunder, and everybody jumps. And then they applaud your skill at making them jump. But it's still a stunt, unless it sup-



film are dark and mysterious; the sound is muted, but building ominously toward something. We know that we are going to be surprised and shocked. The whole mood of the title design is foreboding. The music builds to a peak, and suddenly there is a smash of light and sound. At the opening performance, and at several preview screenings, audiences first yelped in surprise, then applauded the effectiveness of this very old and very simple trick. What made it so effective was Spielberg's knowledge of *impact*. For instance, that cut—we do not cut directly from the black of the titles to the yellow of the desert sandstorm—there is a single frame of white there. It's not visible unless you know it's there and you're looking for it; it's in-

ports the story—and in this case it does, because it gets you into the proper frame of mind for what is to come. . . .)

But if we cannot look at *CE3K* for its internal implications, then we can examine it for its external ones—that is, *what happens next?*

Michael Phillips, one of the producers, has already announced that there will be a sequel to *CE3K*—although he doesn't know when, because Steven Spielberg is so busy right now with other projects—so it is worth some effort to consider the question. *And then what?*

A good many stories have been inspired by someone asking that very question.

Because the aliens themselves are a



mystery, and remain so to everyone except those who boarded the Mother Ship, we cannot answer any questions we may ask about the aliens—at least, not until they come back.

As a matter of fact, it may not be important for them to come back—it is more important for us to know that they do exist than for us to engage in specific dialogue. If they *never* came back, it would not change the one stunning moment when the human race had it proved incontrovertibly, once and for all, that *we are not alone*.

That might have been the sole purpose of the aliens' visit, nothing else.

(I suggest you go look up Theodore Sturgeon's story, "A Saucer Of Loneliness," which amplifies on this theme far better than I can here.)

Whether this "implication" is true or not, we will not know *until* the aliens' return. Therefore the only reasonable extrapolations we can make about what happens next can only be about subjects and responses we are familiar with—the human beings who stayed behind here on Earth.

Let's consider the characters of interest: Lacombe (Francois Truffaut), Laughlin (Robert Balaban), Barry Guiler (Cary Guffey), Jillian Guiler (Melinda Dillon), Ronnie Neary (Terry Garr), and Roy Neary (Richard Dreyfuss). Also the Neary children, Brad, Toby and Sylvia.

Now that the aliens have actually visited, we know for a fact that Jillian was not crazy when she said Barry had been kidnapped by them. We know that the other people on the road or at the Air Force hearings were not crackpots either. Ronnie Neary now knows for a fact that her husband did not go bananas, he *had* seen a UFO, and he was responding to a telepathic message implanted in his mind.

These people have been exposed to something larger and more fantastic than any of them had previously believed possible. The Universe proved itself to be not only stranger than they had imagined, but stranger than they *could* imagine.

Think of it this way. Suppose you were driving across the Nevada desert late one night, and you stopped your

car to admire the brilliance of the stars in the deep black darkness.

Suddenly, there's light, more dazzling than anything your eyes can resolve into an image—and you hear a voice inside your head—and then you feel a surge of pure *joy*, the source emotion from which all others stem, and you know you are in the presence of something greater than all humanity.

It would be like meeting an Angel of the Lord.

It would be proof to you, a single individual, of a truth so vast that you and your life would be changed forever afterward. It would not matter to you if other people responded with derision when you told them what had happened—you would still know the truth of it.

And they *would* question you—all kinds of investigators and reporters and interviewers. And you would tell your story, and it would always be the same; you would even pass lie detector tests because it would be one certain event in your life that you could not deny. Every time you thought back and remembered it, you would be able to draw on the *truth* of that event for the *strength* to continue believing it.

Does that sound like something familiar?

Sure it does—it's the kind of faith that we are told the early Christians possessed in the face of Roman oppression, particularly those individuals who had actually walked and talked with Christ. We are told that here was an individual (whether God, human or extra terrestrial is for theologians to argue) who brought to other people a vision of truth so large and overwhelming that they would not stop believing it in the face of the worst kinds of skepticism, contempt and brutality.

It is that which motivated those who were touched by the UFOs in *CE3K*. No matter what the Air Force said, no matter how their family, friends, neighbors reacted, no matter what the TV commentators reported, they *knew* that they had seen what they had seen, and that those who refused to believe were individuals of a singular narrow-mindedness.

But, on the other hand—can you

blame the rest of the world for being skeptical?

Remember the story of "The Boy Who Cried Wolf." The villagers heard the cry of "Wolf, wolf!" so many times they stopped believing any of the cries—the poor kid had devalued his own truth. Such is the state of the environment when it comes to UFO reports. Doubtless, there are mysterious objects functioning in our atmosphere—objects that we at present are unable to identify so that we can understand them—but we have had so many different kinds of hoaxes, exhibitionism and borderline insanities, that we have become conditioned to respond to *all* of them with skepticism.

That's the social environment in which all of the characters in *CE3K* are functioning—*until* the arrival of the Mother Ship at Devils Tower. From that point on, the self-image of humanity is transformed into a new kind of consciousness. Just as the first Moon landing in 1969 (remember that? It was in all the papers) expanded the horizons of humanity to include the surface of the Moon, the first contact with an alien species will expand our horizons to include all of space—or at least the nearby stars.

Those individuals who had actually had contact with the aliens would be revered in the same light as those individuals who had actually walked and talked with Jesus—that is, they would be as *saints*, because they had *personally* experienced a truth that had enlarged humanity.

Make no mistake about it, *CE3K* is a very religious picture. Like *2001: A Space Odyssey*, it is the celebration of a cosmic Mass—a seeker in search of a larger truth comes face to face with God. Arthur C. Clarke has said that any sufficiently advanced technology will be indistinguishable from magic. Corollary to that might be added: Any sufficiently advanced intelligence will be indistinguishable from God. That is part of Kubrick's statement and part of Spielberg's as well. We are going into space not only to discover that we are not alone, but also to meet God, face to face.

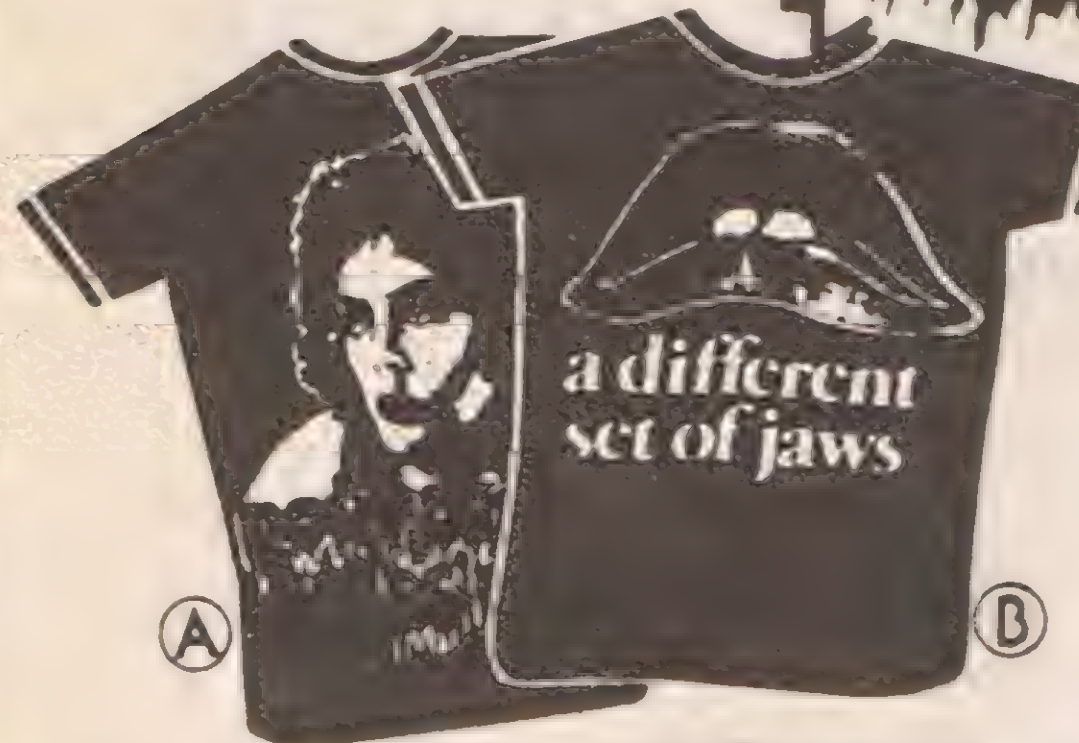
Next issue, I'll continue this discussion with some specifics. ★

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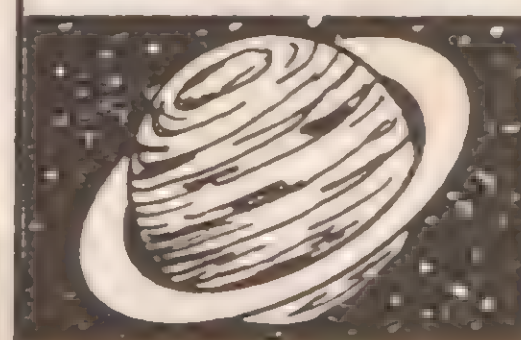
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duction to the film world and animation. I did backgrounds and objects that moved in cel animation, like rockets." And it was there that he met others in the film industry—like Hal Barwood and Matthew Robbins, who were friends with George Lucas.

Barwood and Robbins—who had worked with Lucas on *THX 1138*—were trying to sell a science-fiction script to be called *Star Dancing*. "It was a good script, and I was asked to do a number of production paintings of some machinery, aliens and a space-suited figure." The project was dropped (though rumor has it that Douglas Trumbull is interested in it now), but Lucas—at that time at work on *American Graffiti* and dreaming about *Star Wars*—saw the paintings.

Meanwhile, McQuarrie continued to illustrate and animate for CBS, and did such projects as *New Views Of Mars*, with Graphic Films in Hollywood. Then came *Star Wars*.

"George had his script pretty well along when I came in. He had already talked to Universal about it, and they weren't convinced. It read corny and looked like a big budget. I think Paramount had then purchased the option, to see what George wanted to do. He decided he needed some supporting graphics before he went in to them. So we made four paintings. The first one was the robots coming across the desert; then Luke fighting in the spaceship tunnel and the attack on the *Death Star*. The painting had the sphere smaller than it turned out to be."

The paintings increased the studio's interest in the script, but the paintings themselves "turned them off. They could see that this was going to be some spectacular event if these guys could make it as good as they said they could. They said, 'Gee, we think it's going to cost a lot more than you say it's going to cost.' But they gave George a little seed money for more work on the script and more graphics."

McQuarrie was excited by the project, and immersed himself in it. "I really loved *2001*, the technical aspects of it; but I was unsatisfied by the story. I wanted to see a science-fiction story that I could get something out of done with that kind of fidelity. I think George Lucas was after that kind of picture.

"I went ahead and made four or five more paintings while George was working on the script, and Gary Kurtz was trying to find people who could do all these props. Colin Cantwell came in to do the models, and I would go to his studio and photograph his models as they were in progress. I put those into the paintings as well as I could. When they got updated, sometimes I changed the painting."

After *Star Wars* was in production, Steven Spielberg asked for an assist with the design of the mothership for *Close Encounters*. Originally, McQuarrie said, Spielberg had intended to show only the underside of the ship, then came to feel that it had to be seen in its entirety. He presented McQuarrie with the story requirements for the underside and his idea to have the top look like an oil refinery—and McQuarrie took it from there. "The model followed my sketches and renderings quite closely; the lights were given more importance than I gave them, which helped the general effect."

Galactica, *Star Trek*, book covers, *Star Wars II* . . . what more would McQuarrie like to find in his immediate future?

"More," he replies with one of his infrequent smiles.

And he has a dream that for the first time seems realizable. He now lives and works in a garage apartment not unlike the one he had 20 years ago. He wants to design and build his own house.

As uncomfortable and undirected as Ralph McQuarrie's life could seem, to himself and to others, he has effectively led himself to the very spot he *might* have chosen: he's a painter-inventor of glorified human handiwork, a man involved in a world that excites him—and he's making a damn good reputation and living doing it. ★

STARLOG Reader Questionnaire

PUBLISHER'S NOTE:

When STARLOG first appeared, three summers ago, we included a reader questionnaire in the first few issues. Although we receive hundreds of letters each week, it is time that we surveyed our readership again and asked some specific questions about you and your reactions to our magazine. Please take a few moments to fill this out (all information is strictly confidential, and you need not include your name!) We will read every single letter and respond by giving you an even better STARLOG. Thanks!

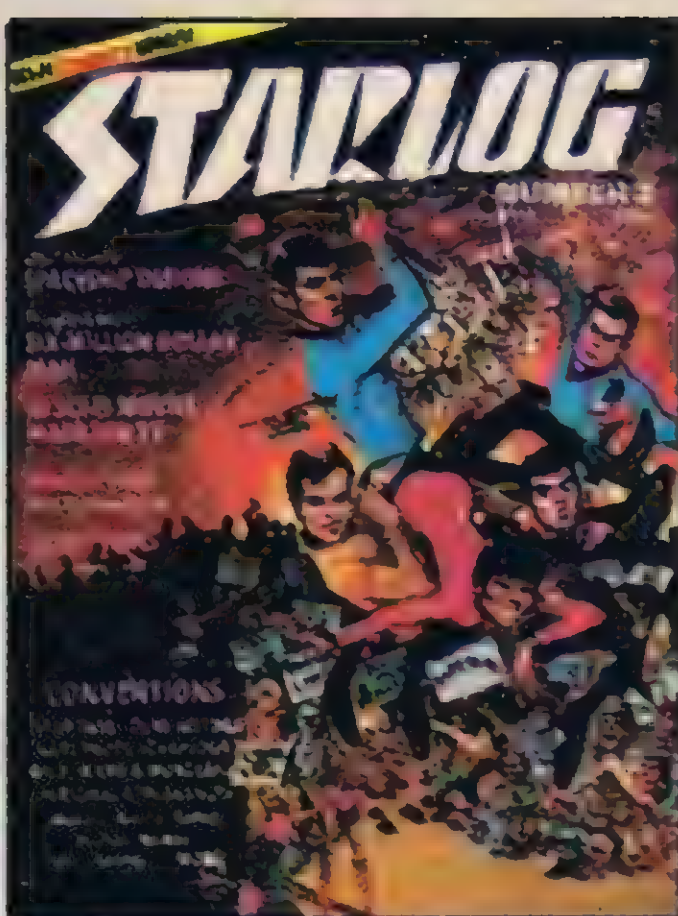
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- Are you a regular reader of FUTURE Magazine, our companion publication? ☐ no ☐ yes
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- How many of the following do you buy in a month's time? ☐ records
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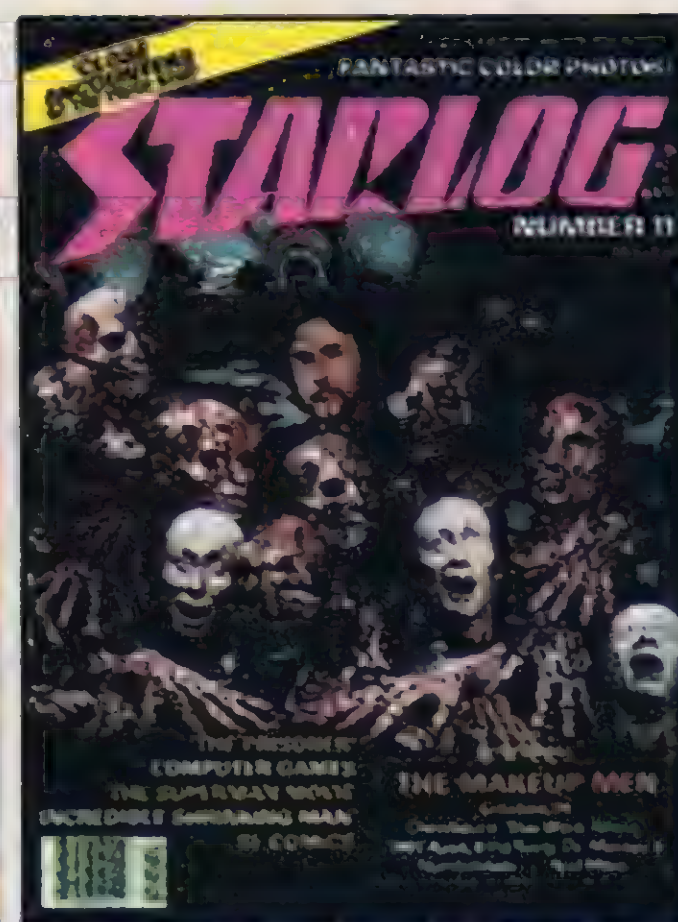
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Aizmov, Close Encounters preview, SF-Rock, SF Merchandise Guide, Interviews: Harryhausen, Bakshi, George Pal.



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The Prisoner, Computer Games, The Superman movie, Incredible Shrinking Man, SF FX: The Makeup Men, SF Comics.



No. 12 —
Close Encounters feature, Star Trek II, Computer Animation, Laser Blast, Art by Bonestell, The Makeup Men, cont.



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The Space Fantasy of Edgar Rice Burroughs

Battlestar *Galactica*, ABC-TV's high-budget space fantasy, is upon us—and it looks a lot like *Star Wars*. *Buck Rogers*, an NBC-TV miniseries pilot, is in the works—and it's going to look a lot like *Battlestar Galactica*. *Star Wars II* is going into production in London, and it promises to look like all of them, only more so. Who is borrowing from whom? Is it just that all these epics simply reflect the new generation of SFX capabilities in Hollywood?

Hardly. Everyone knows that the formula for space fantasy has been with us for at least as long as *Flash Gordon* (dating from 1934) and *Buck Rogers* (from a 1929 novel). It's a formula that requires superheroes, evil dictators, benevolent rulers, knights and princesses in distress, space travel, both future and primitive weaponry, weird biological forms (BEMs), and environments like nothing (hopefully) ever dreamed of by mere Earthlings.

Star Wars has offered itself up for imitation, but more important, it has whetted the public's appetite for a rebirth of the melodramatic genre.

In literature, a great many science-fiction writers have nurtured the growth and expansion of space fantasy. Heinlein's *Glory Road* and others of his early novels dipped freely into the space-fantasy plot vocabulary. So did Asimov, especially in aspects of his *Foundation* trilogy, "Doc" Smith with his *Lensmen*, Anderson (he wrote a novel in 1956 called *Star Ways*), Hamilton, Brackett, Brunner, Herbert, Clarke, Van Vogt . . . a complete list would go on for pages. Then Fredric Brown came along in 1949 and ridiculed the whole formula in *What Mad Universe*. He may even have contributed to its temporary decline by emphasizing its general lack of literary and scientific sophistication.

The granddaddy of all space fantasists, however, was Edgar Rice Burroughs (who gave us *Tarzan*, but that's another story). His series of Mars books—begun in 1912 with *A Princess Of Mars*, first published as *Under The Moons Of Mars*—surely introduced more of the elements now associated with space fantasy than any other source. Even though his vivid and exciting stories were largely Mars-bound,



Detail from Frank Frazetta's classic painting, "A Princess of Mars" (poster # 54). John Carter, with Dejah Thoris at his side, stands triumphant.

they included:

An Earthman, John Carter, who finds himself naked (literally) on the hostile and unfamiliar plains of Mars, and who eventually becomes the avenging hero of the civilized Martian Empire in their wars with the barbarians; an untouchably beautiful and vulnerable Princess, whom he loves and eventually marries; numerous mad scientists and dictators who endeavor—through mind-controlling machines, space ships and lethal flying contraptions, enslaved mutant races

and deadly rays—to take Mars for their nefarious purposes; more alien intelligences per book than *Star Trek* employed in a season; and battles fought with everything from super-weapons to swords to wits to bare hands.

Woven through it all, like the gold strand in a tapestry, is extrapolated science which is surprisingly accurate, considering his day. Burroughs' Mars, he continually stresses, has lighter gravity than Earth's. Martian architecture takes this into account; so does the alien ecology wherein creatures tower over the hapless Earthling who, however, possesses super-Martian strength due to his heavyweight musculature inherited from Earth. Burroughs' Mars has to maintain an artificial atmosphere (the planet has been dying for millenia); two moons travel with such speed that you can watch their twin shadows move dizzyingly over the desert floor; and there is a serious water problem.

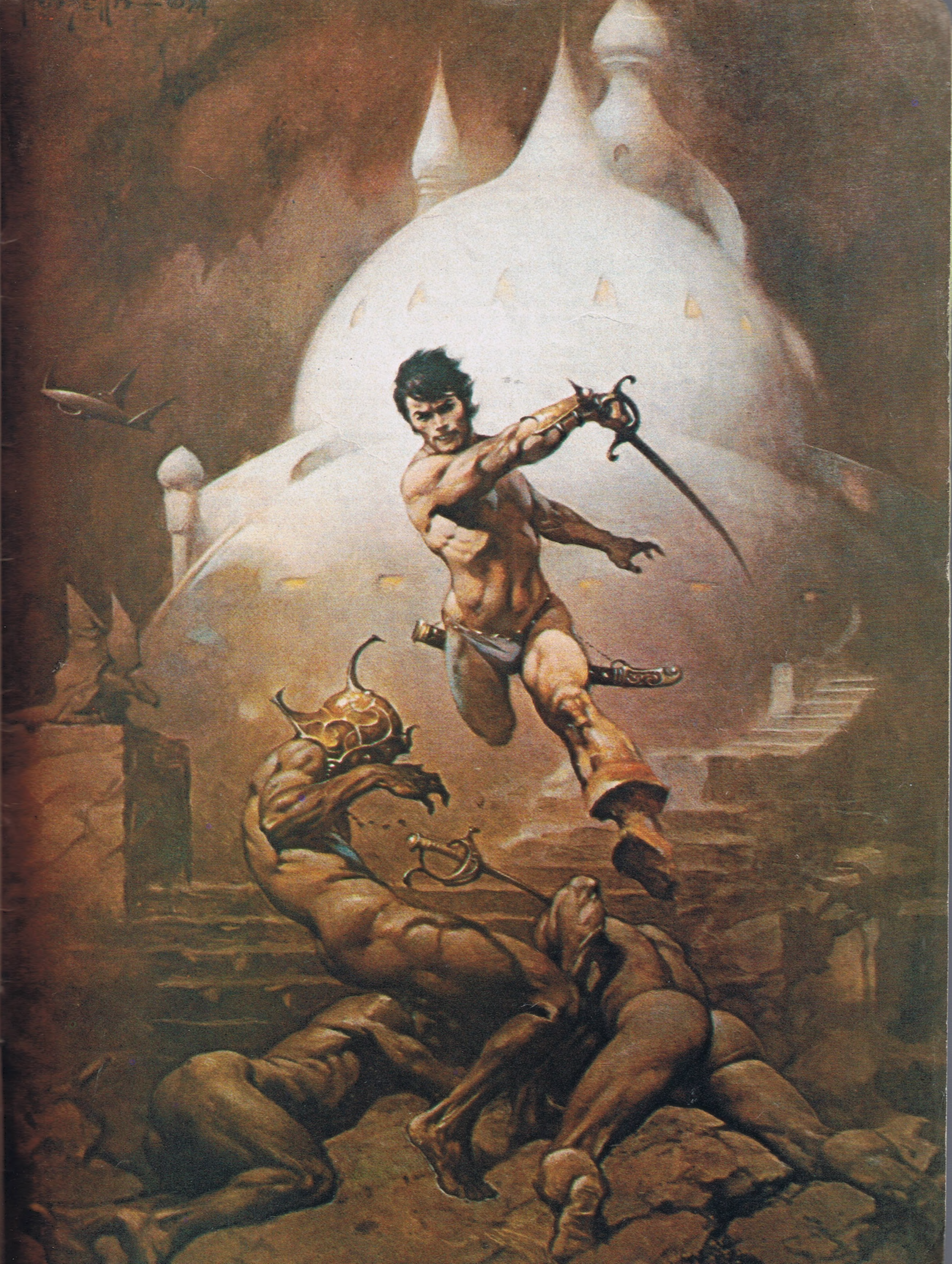
In *Flash Gordon*, particularly, one finds such thinly camouflaged fragments of Burroughs' situations, backgrounds, characters and plots, that it seems at times only the names have been changed—from Mars to Mongo—to hide their sources.

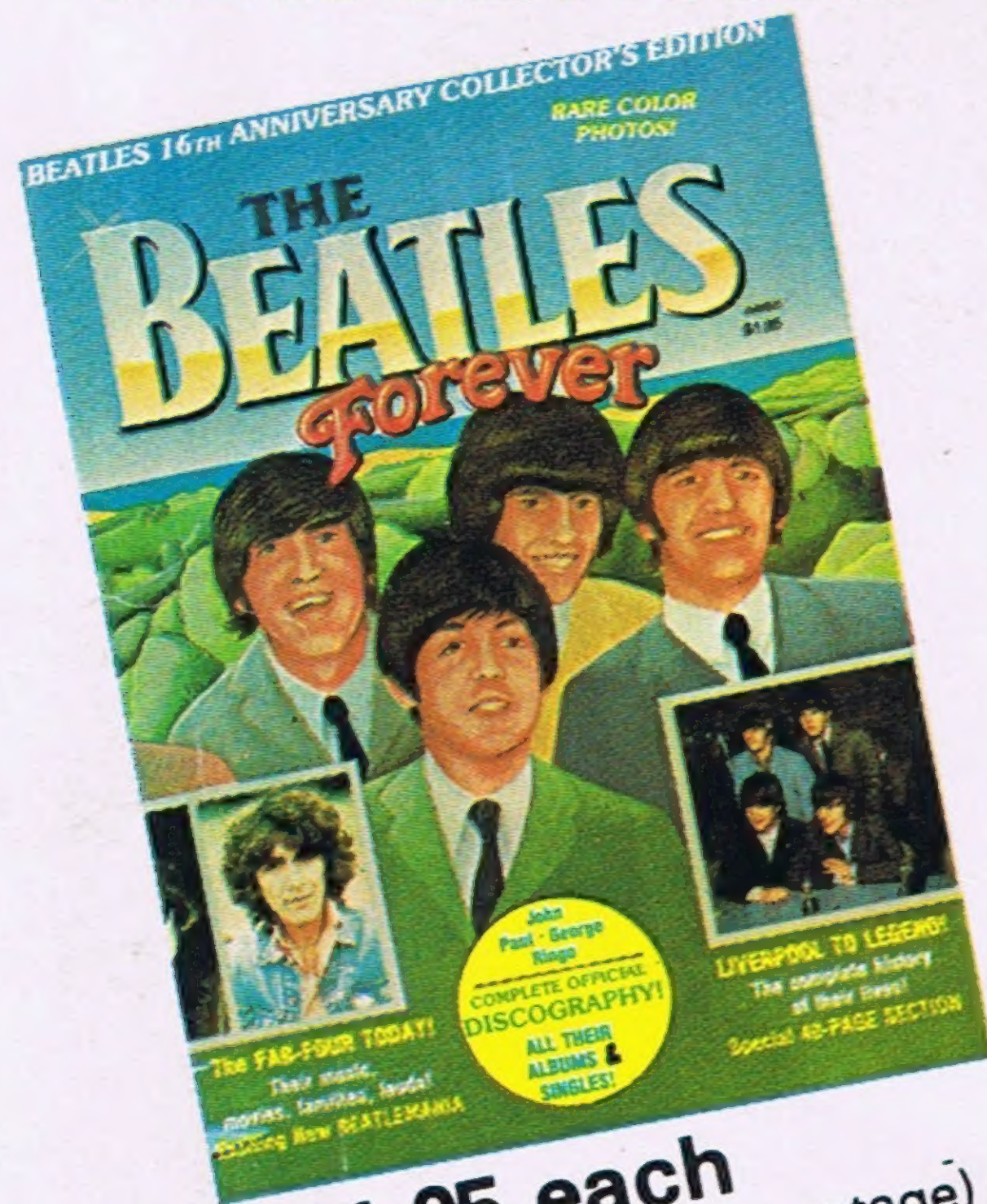
Buck Rogers (in all departments a more original story than *Flash Gordon*) brings whole hunks of Burroughs' Mars down to Earth, where Buck's battles for Galactic sovereignty are waged.

George Lucas drew on all these sources, and more, and added ingenious touches all his own, for *Star Wars*.

But the greatest space-fantasy visionary of them all was Edgar Rice Burroughs. ★

"Swords of Mars," (poster # 85) by Frazetta. E.R.B.'s Mars series is the archetype for space fantasy, just as John Carter has become the model and inspiration for many swashbuckling space heroes. (Both posters are available from Frazetta Prints, RD2-Box 357, E. Stroudsburg, PA 18301. Each is \$3.00 + \$1.00 postage & handling. Order posters by number and title.)





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LASTWORD

Television science fiction is a rare thing to see. Now, I don't mean that there has been a scarcity of TV shows labeled science fiction — quite the opposite. There have been dozens of SF series in the short history of the world's most potent entertainment/information medium. Very few of them, however, deserve to be called science fiction. There have been all kinds of comedy and drama shows that have used science fiction as a working environment or for background — some of them quite successfully — but none of them really satisfy the needs of the hard-core SF lover.

The science-fiction genre, as that of the detective mystery, originated as printed works — novels, short stories, plays. Only much later (and thanks to technological advances) were they translated into mass media experiences; movies and TV shows. And, apparently, there is something generic to science fiction that makes it difficult to translate from the printed page to the silver (and TV) screen.

The key to *real* science fiction is that it is an open doorway to possibilities . . . infinite alternatives. Science fiction is not predictive — it is extrapolative. This is an important distinction. It means that the SF writer is not saying that something *will* happen, only that it *might* happen based on a personal perception of the meaning and direction of certain societal trends.

An interesting example is Aldous Huxley's brilliant novel *Brave New World*, written in 1932 — a period of time when the world was in the grip of almost total economic collapse and great social flux. Tens of millions of workers were out of work as industry ground to a near standstill and hundreds of businesses, large and small, went into bankruptcy.

Huxley's *Brave New World* takes place in the year 632 A.F. — that is, "After Ford." Although the production lines had

almost stopped producing in '32, Huxley posited that the assembly-line philosophy of identical, mass products and mass profits initiated by Henry Ford would have profound effects of the world of the future.

Huxley's 27th-Century is one where genetic manipulation and multiple cloning are the very backbone of the structure of the society. His early perception of the possibility of these new scientific wonders is a remarkable piece of extrapolation. His premise is stated in a bit of narrative in the opening chapter: "The principle of mass production at last applied to biology."

(Noteworthy digression: because Huxley zeroed in on the ramifications of this development, he failed to posit developments in many less profound areas of human society. For instance, a group of eager students listen to a lecture by the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning. Anxious to capture every word, the students' "pencils scurried illegibly across the pages." Today, in 1978, a similar group might use pocket tape recorders for the same purpose. In another 600 years, who knows what method will be used? Surely it will not be paper and pencil.)

Brave New World stands as one of the giant, classic works in the science-fiction genre . . . And that brings me back to my original statement, because by now you know (unless you read this editorial before the rest of the magazine) that *Brave New World* is being developed by NBC-TV as a mini-series — hopefully to be aired this year.

Here at last is a science-fiction property that is being adapted to television with the SF content uppermost in the minds of the production team. It is a rare chance for real, true science fiction to be produced on television. As improbable as it sounds, the odds may finally be in our favor.

Howard Zimmerman

Howard Zimmerman/Editor

NEXT ISSUE:

STARLOG No. 18 will be our special **Halloween** issue: You'll see how the people who bring your wildest dreams and deepest fears to life on screen celebrate the witchy season, in the latest chapter of our SFX series: "Hollywood Halloween." Plus — **Galactica** is finally here. If you enjoyed the coverage of "the ultimate space opera" in this issue, watch for our continuing four-color coverage of humanity's last hope in STARLOG No. 18.

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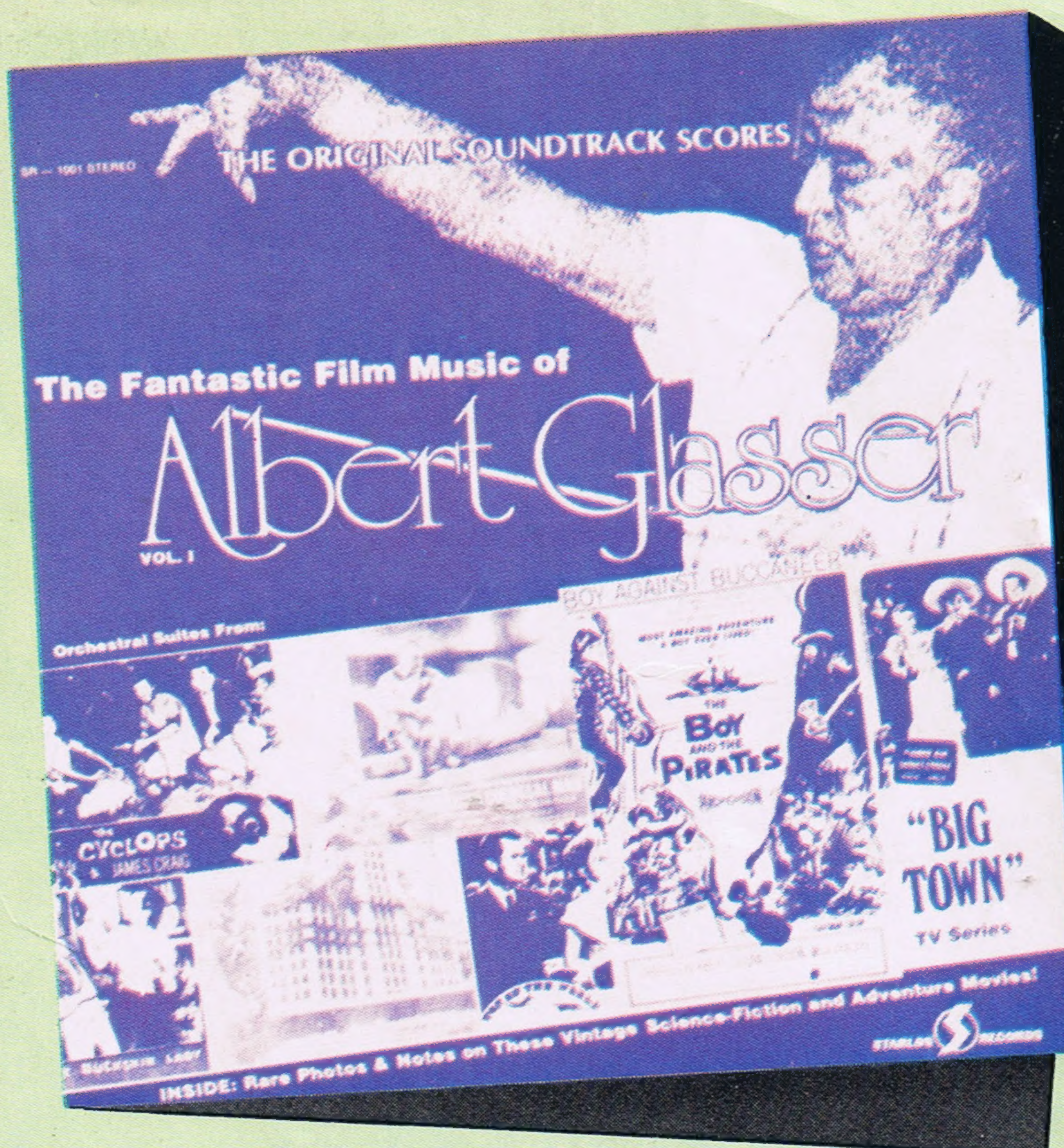
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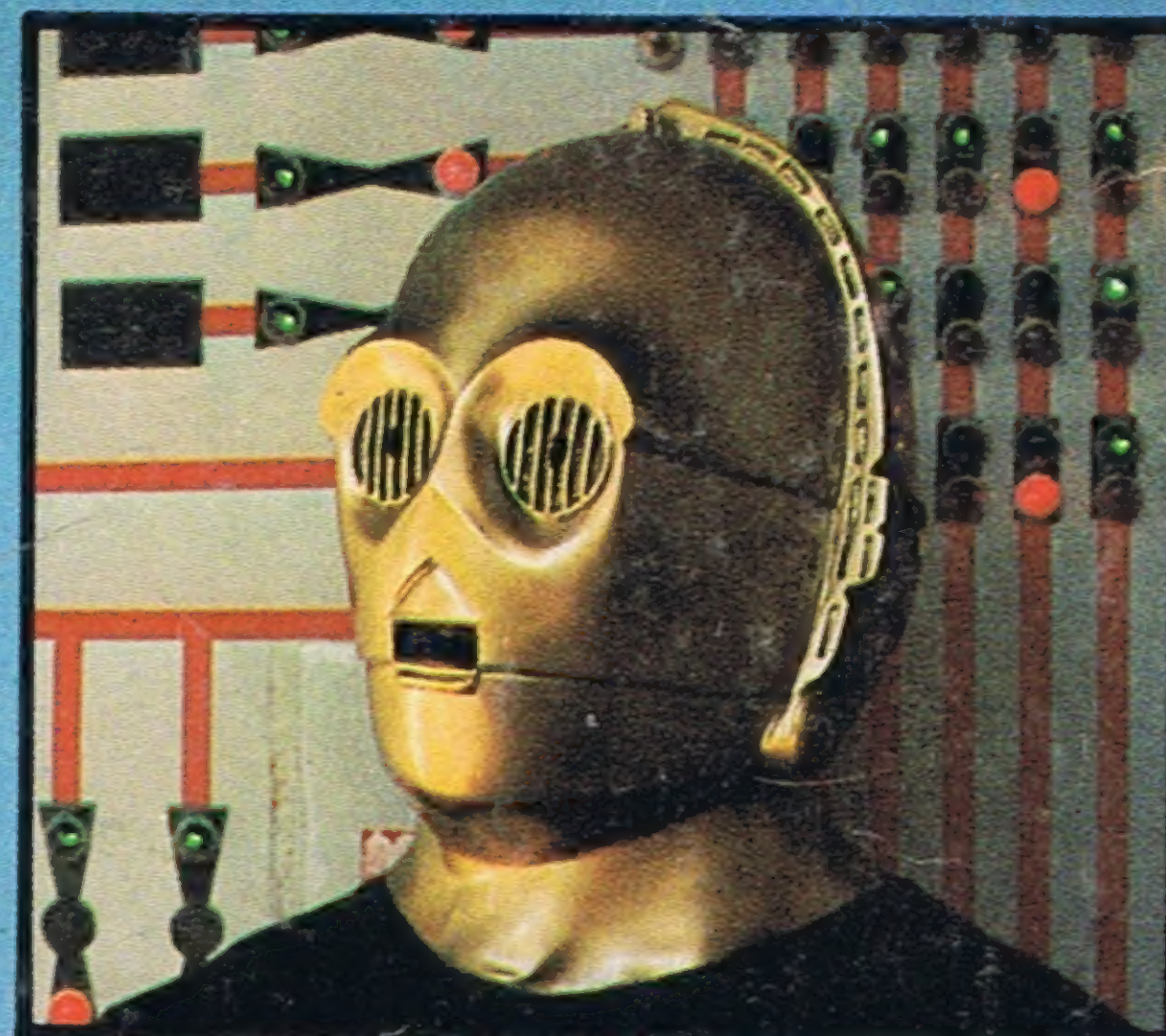
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